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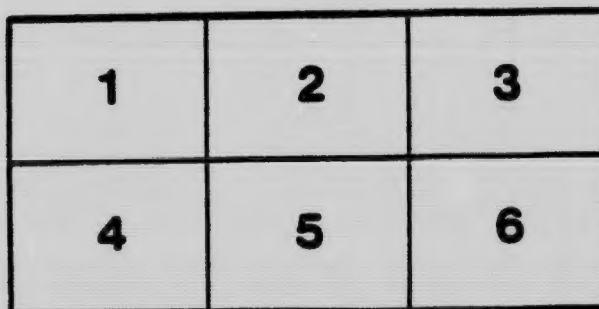
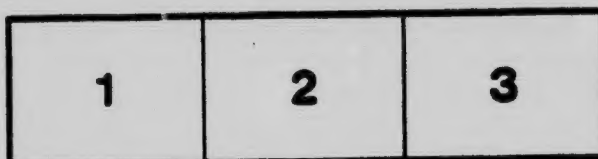
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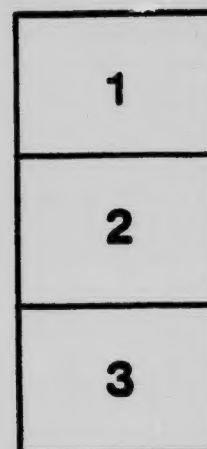
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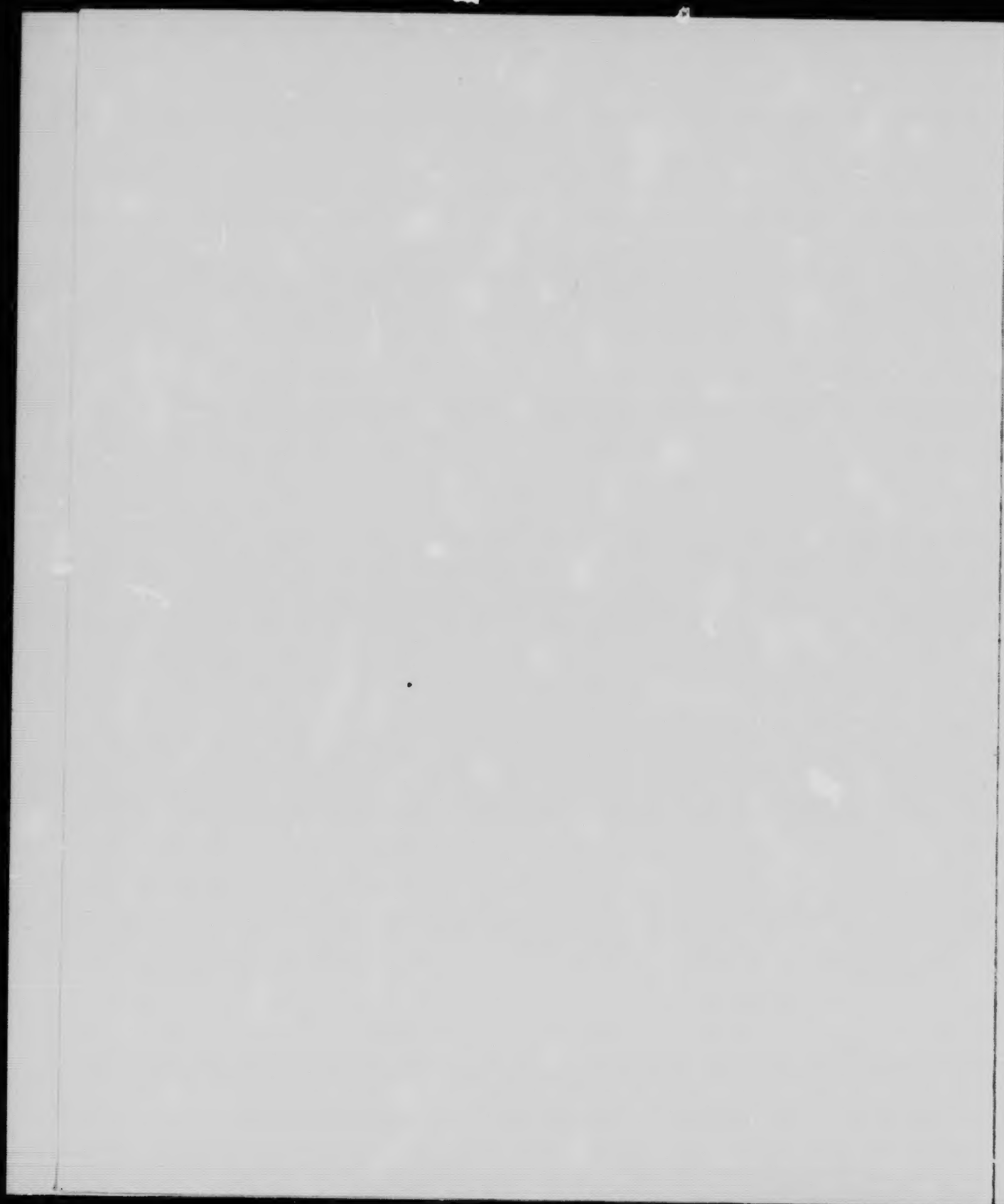
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THE
NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL
MUSIC COURSE

BY
CHARLES E. WHITING

Third Reader



Authorized for use in the Schools of New Brunswick

W. J. GAGE & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

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THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

Its Inspiration As the literature of the world is the flower of its folk-lore, so music — the great tone-poems of the masters, is the florescence of folk-song. As true appreciation of what is excellent in literature is possible only with knowledge of the folk-lore in which it is rooted, so a just appreciation of what is excellent in music, is possible only through familiarity with the folk-songs which have formed and typified the larger and more complex compositions. Sprung many of them from undiscovered sources, living for hundreds of years on the lips of the people, passing from generation to generation and voicing each to the next its tenderest and most sublime emotions, they stand to us as more than song, more than story, — a veritable artery of emotional life and feeling pulsing in unbroken rhythm from the earliest times to the present day.

Its Pedagogy As the development of the child follows the development of the race, so his development in music should follow its development in the race. The New Public School Music Course is based upon this fundamental principle of education. The folk-song is its key-note, its *motif* and its theme. Upon the folk-song it stands, an earnest effort to lead the children in song to the heritage of the ages which is rightfully theirs.

Its Material Many of the melodies were obtained by the author and others directly from the peoples by whom they were developed and sung, carefully reduced to writing at the time and subsequently verified. Others, ornamented and used as themes by the masters, have been followed toward their source, divested of that which was not theirs in the mouths of the people, and restored to their former simplicity of tune and time. Still others stand as they have stood since the memory of man.

Its Arrangement The better to differentiate in the minds of the pupils that which is cultural from that which is purely technical, the former material has been grouped as Songs and the latter as Exercises. As accuracy and fluency in sight-reading depend upon the singer's working knowledge of the tonic relation of tones known as movable *dō*, and as the success of movable *dō* depends upon constant change of key, the Songs and Exercises have been set in key-rotation rather than in key-chapters, thus securing the advantage of continual change with the convenience of consecutive study, — by page and title in the Songs, and by number in the Exercises. The pedant looking for the development of all possible difficulties in melody and rhythm will note with regret the absence of exercises in the more unusual varieties of measure, of certain accidentals such as flat-five, seldom met with in song except in exercises mechanically constructed expressly for introduction into school music readers, of some keys in the minor mode, and other problems incident to an exhaustive treatment of sight-song.

The educator, however, interested in the development of the child rather than in the elaboration of sequence, will commend their careful exclusion. If the child is to love to sing, he must be given songs not newly written for the purpose and whose enduring worth is yet unknown, but songs whose age-cherished existence has delighted the ear and inspired the tongue of succeeding generations; and if he is to acquire fluency in reading, the few minutes a day allotted to the subject must be devoted exclusively to such problems as are essential to his progress within the limits established by circumstance and environment. For convenience when many or all divisions of a school are gathered for opening exercises or on other occasions demanding united effort in song, the patriotic selections have been grouped as Assembly Selections and appear in all the books of the series identical in melody, rhythm, harmony, text, title and pagination, an arrangement the advantages of which are manifest. The several books will be found free from cues to pupils, scale diagrams, development exercises, instructions to teachers, and all matter more properly belonging to a Teachers' Manual.

his The Supervisor will observe that no attempt has been made in the **Application** books to force upon his teachers a method of instruction which may or may not coincide with that which his personal experience has developed and successfully established in the schools whose conditions have been to him a life-study, and whose needs no other can know so well. The NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE is not a method of instruction but a collection of original and selected, properly graded, and conveniently bound material, intended for use as follows: In schools under music supervision, in connection with the methods already established by the supervisor in charge. In graded schools without music supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Graded Schools. In ungraded schools without supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Ungraded Schools.

Its The First Reader assumes on the part of the pupils a sight-reading **Readers** knowledge of all combinations of the tones of the diatonic major scale in the several keys, and of measure up to and including the equal division of the beat. The Second Reader includes songs and exercises embracing the fractional division of the beat, a more extended use of accidentals, the minor mode, and two-part song. The Third Reader involves the sub-fractional division of the beat, a more remote approach of accidentals, an extension of the minor mode, and greater freedom of voice in the continuation of two-part song. The Fourth Reader introduces three-part song, which in the Fifth, with its two editions, the G Clef edition for girls' schools and the F Clef edition for boys' schools and mixed schools, affords the largest possible opportunity for real interpretive work.

All the Songs and Exercises in this Series of Music Readers, except when some Composer's name is given, have been composed and are owned by the Author.

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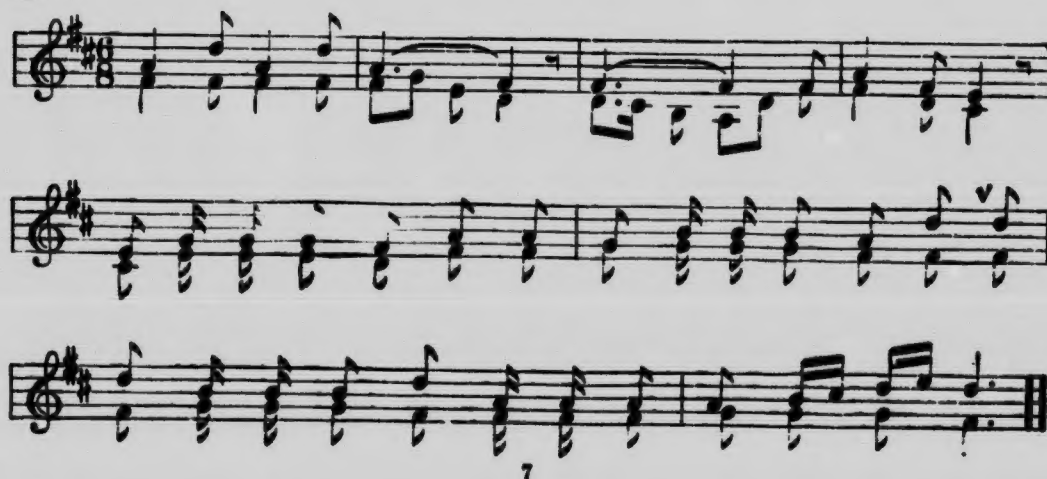
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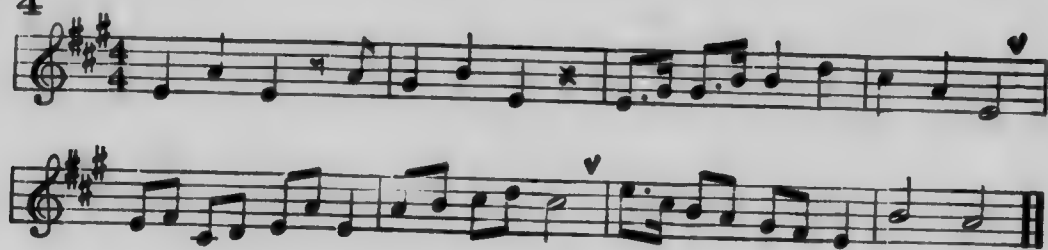


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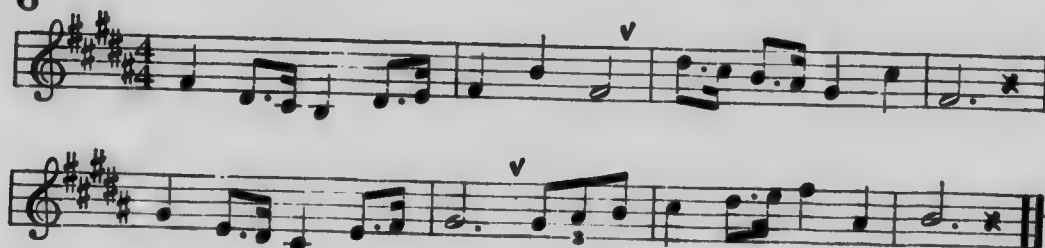
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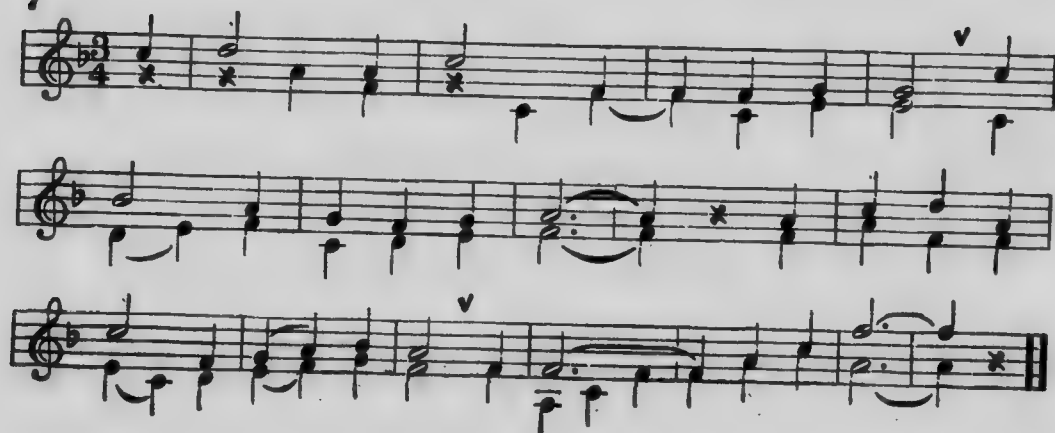
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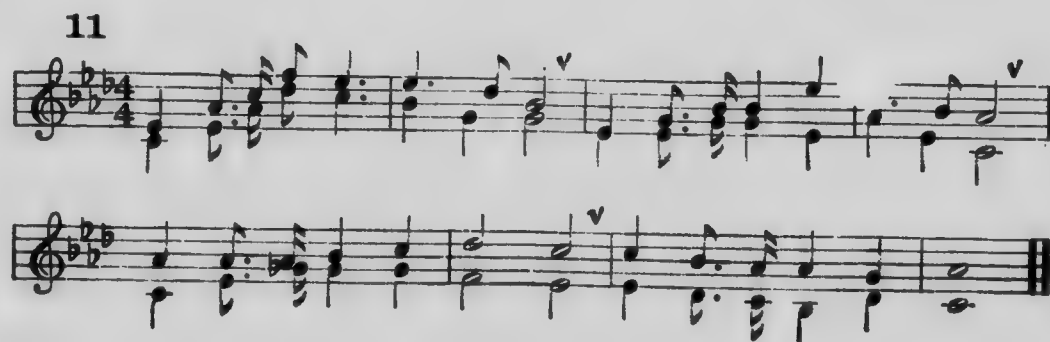
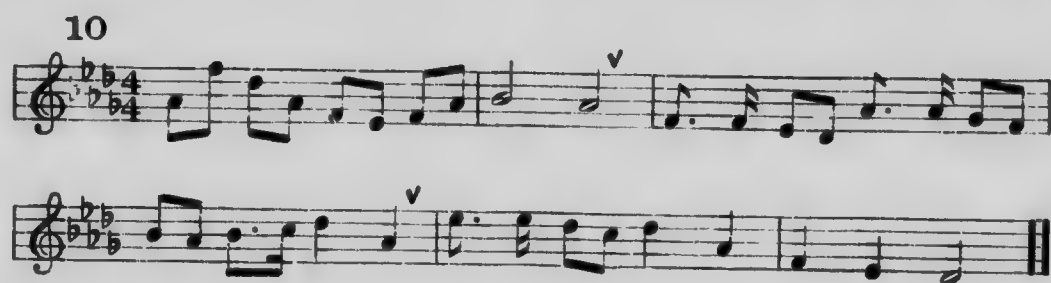
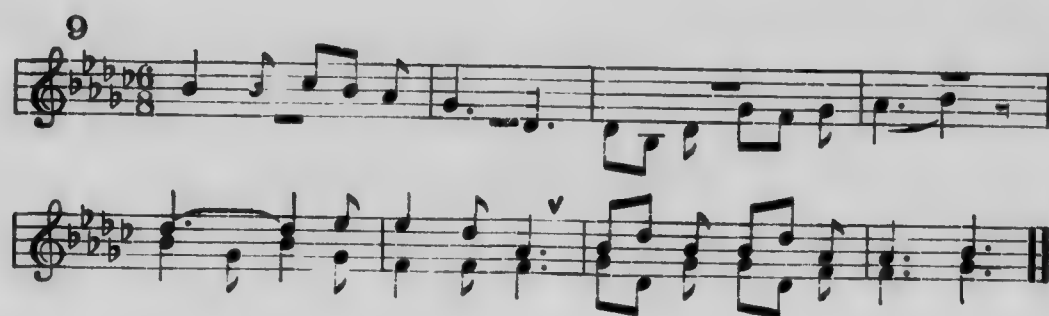
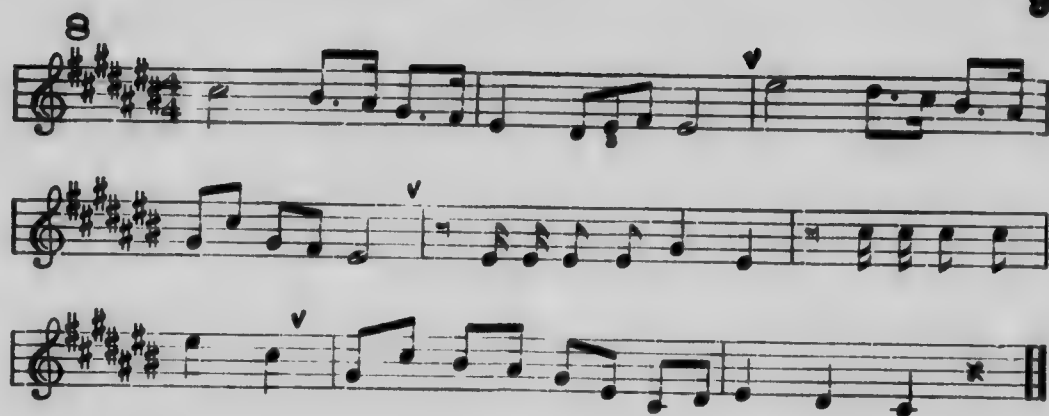


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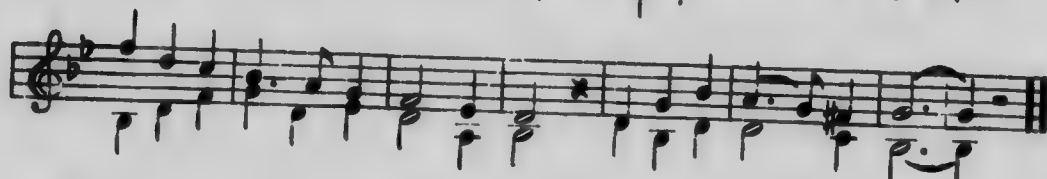


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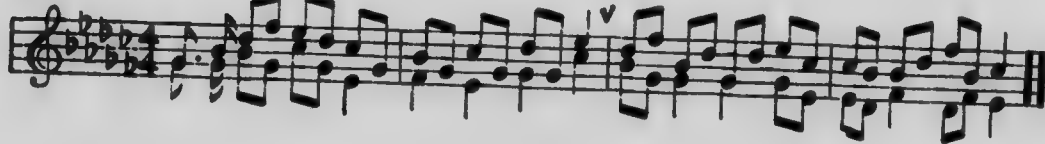
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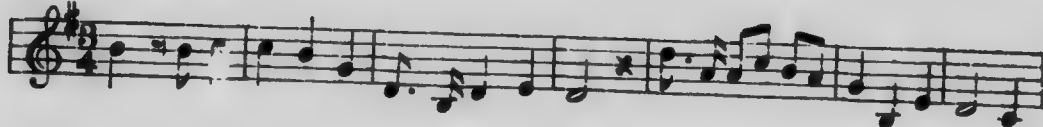
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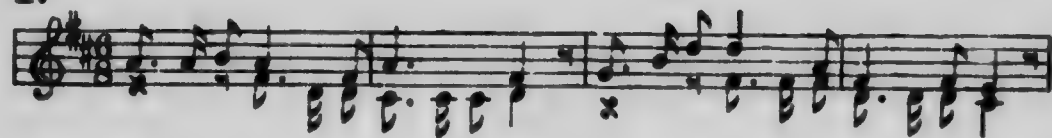
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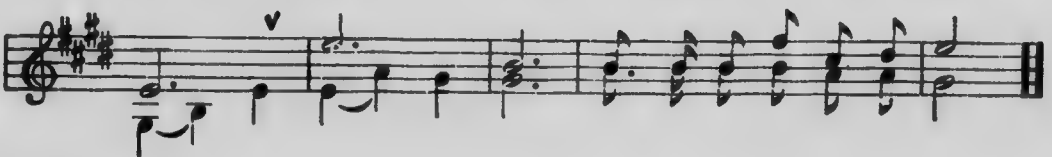
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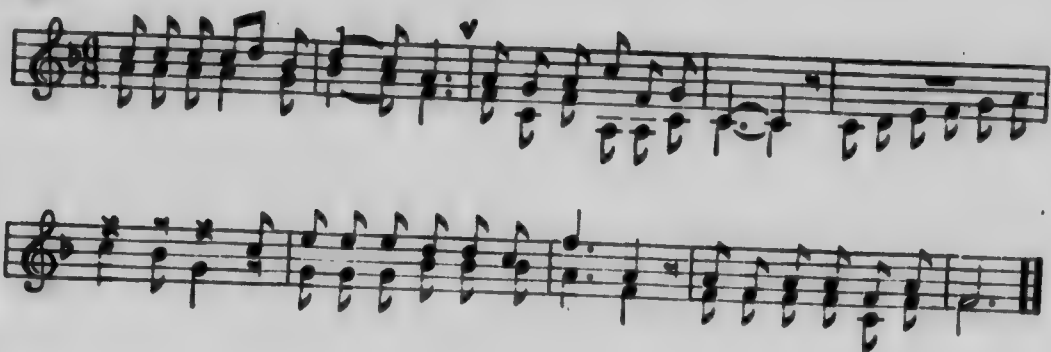


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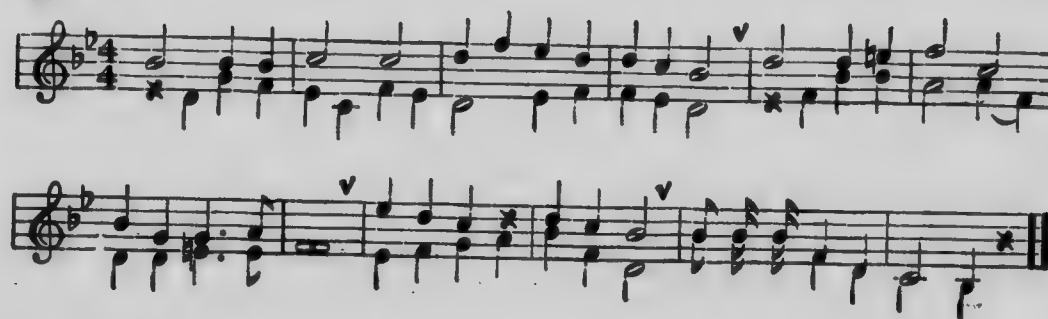
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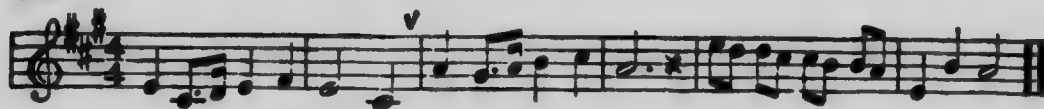
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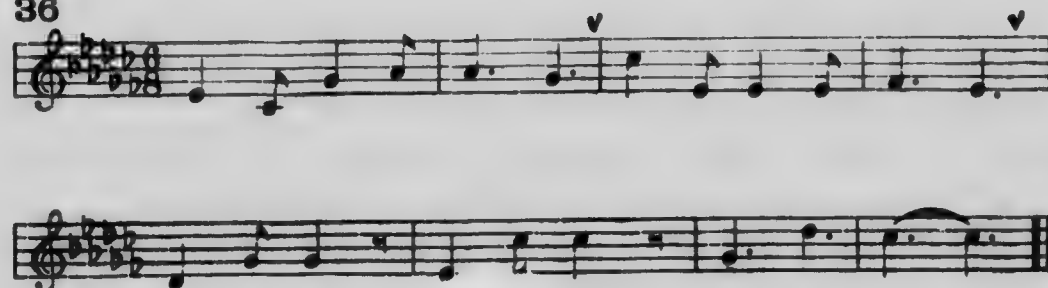
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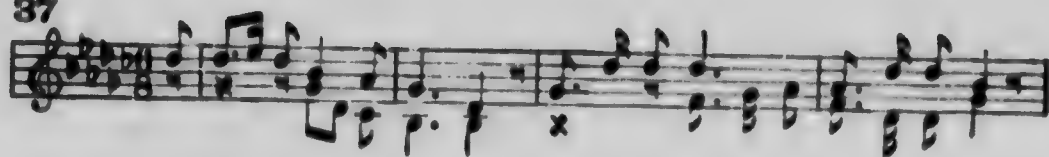


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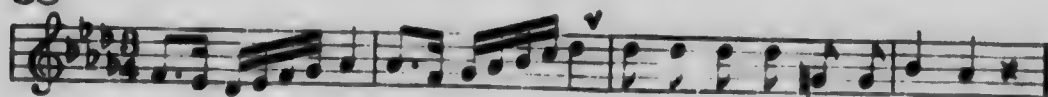


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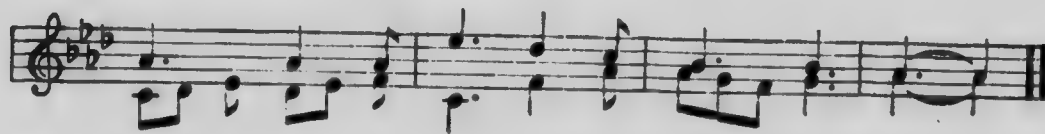
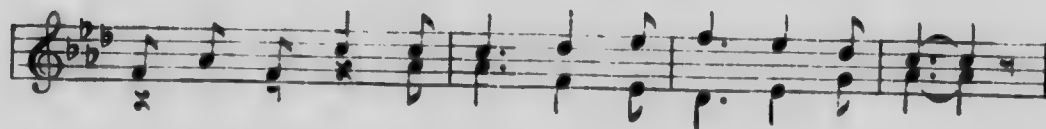
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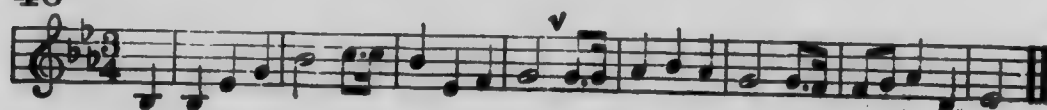
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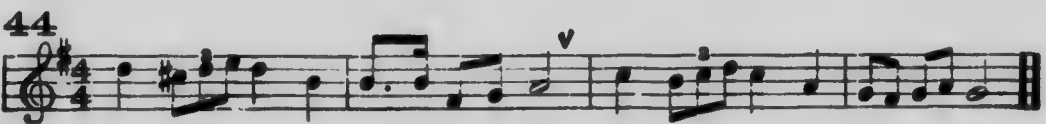
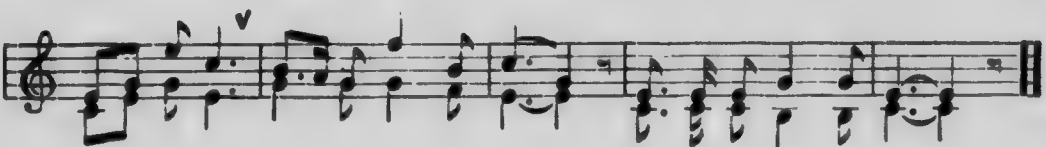
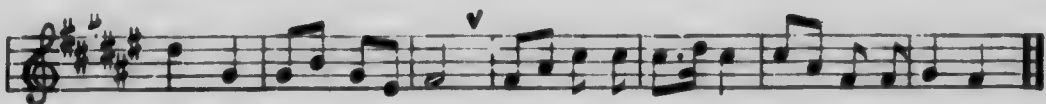
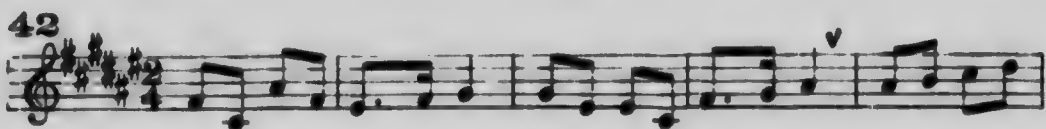
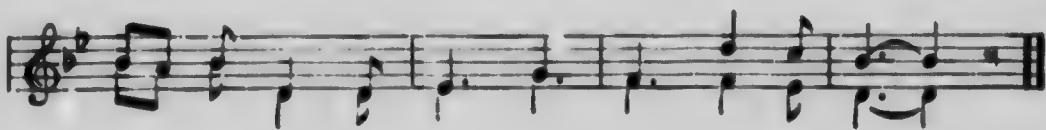
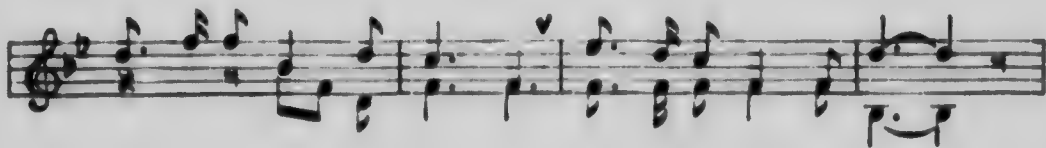
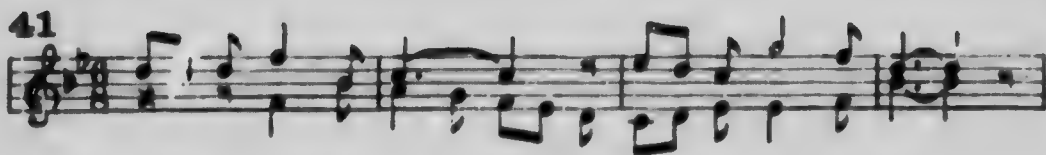


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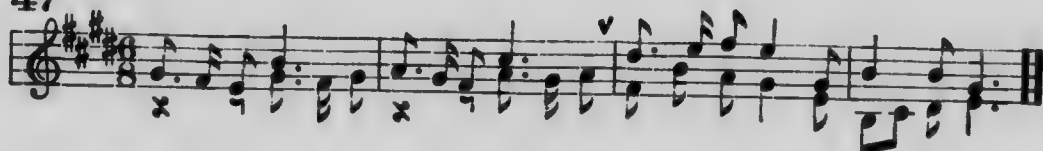
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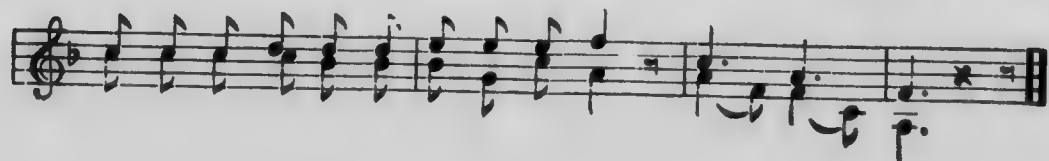
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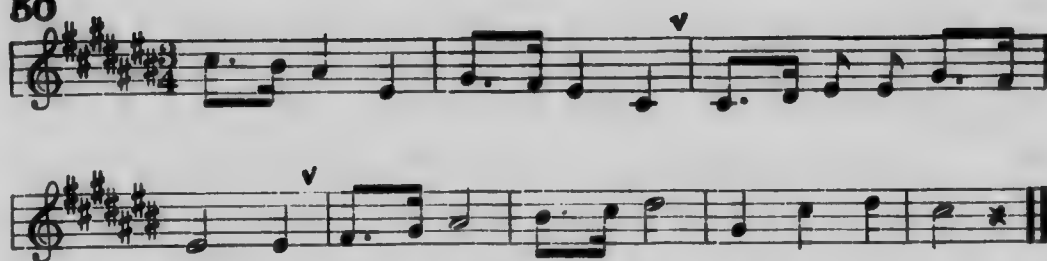
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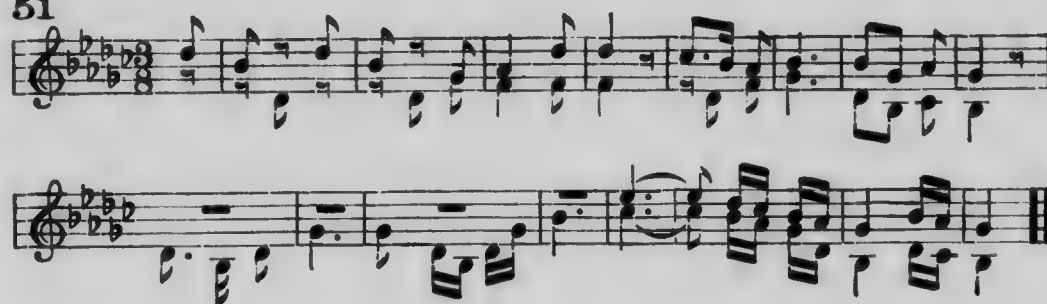
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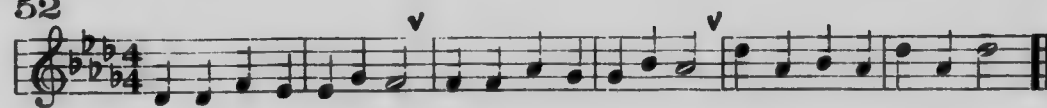
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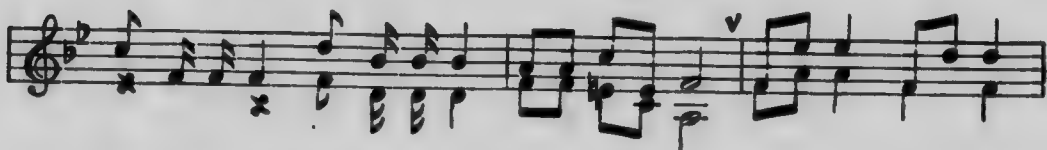


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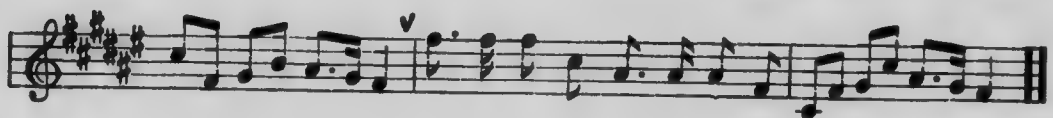
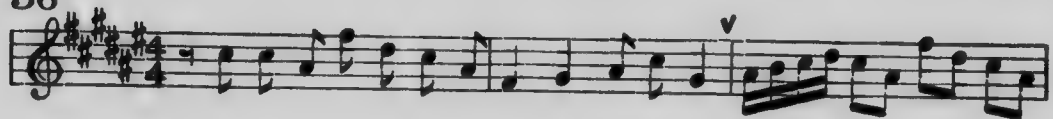
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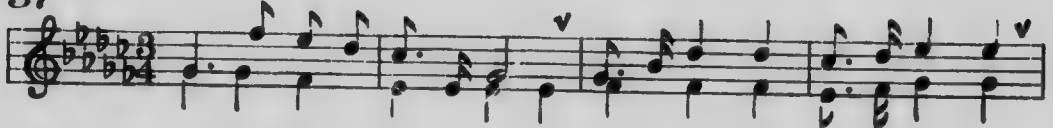
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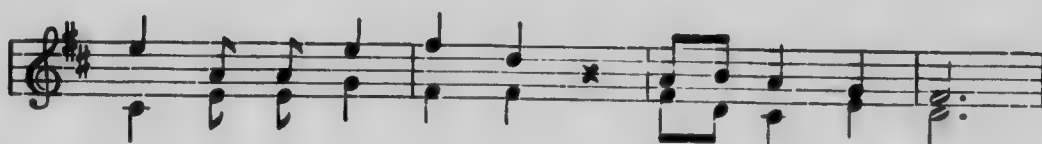
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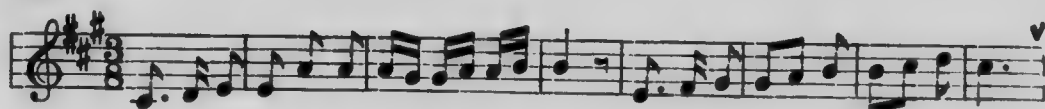
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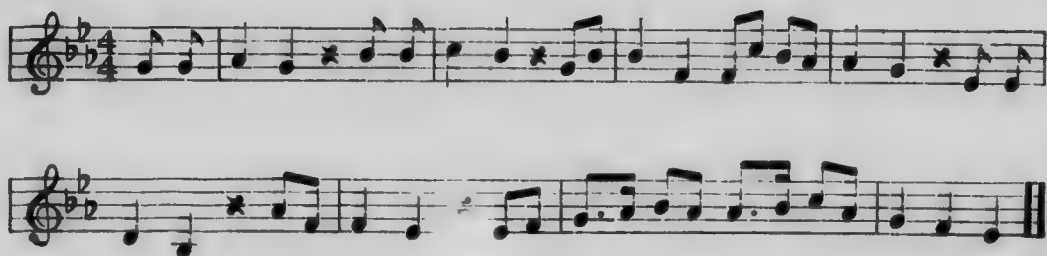
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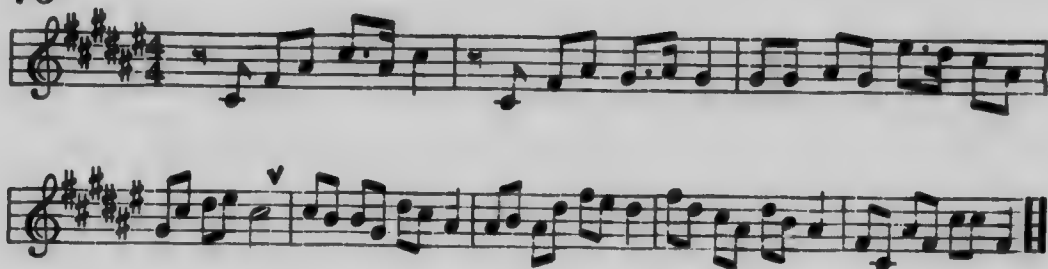


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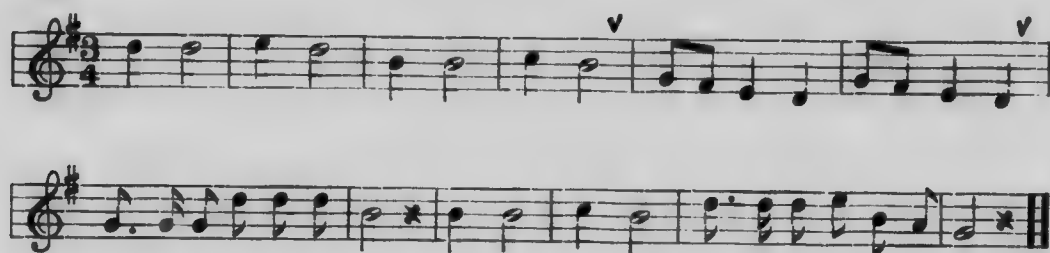
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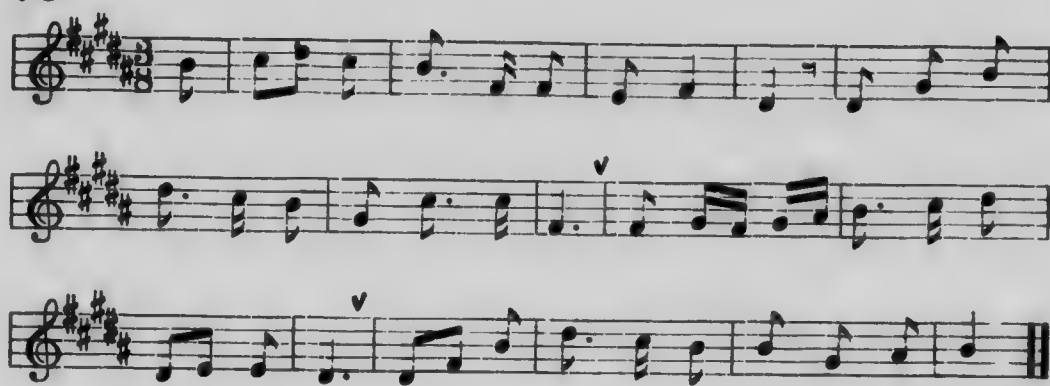
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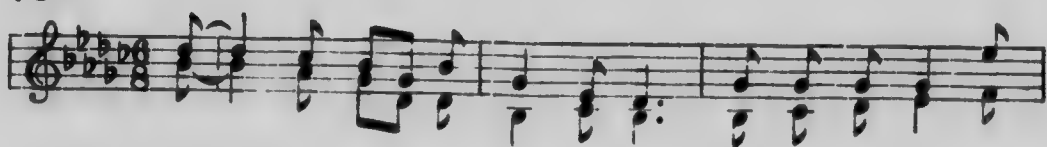


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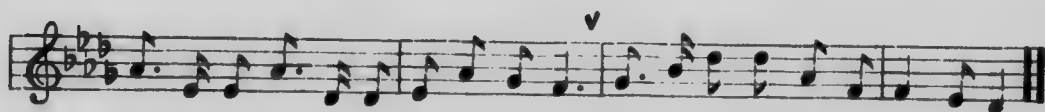
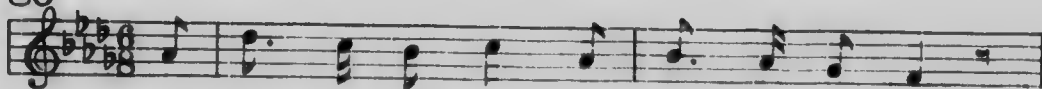
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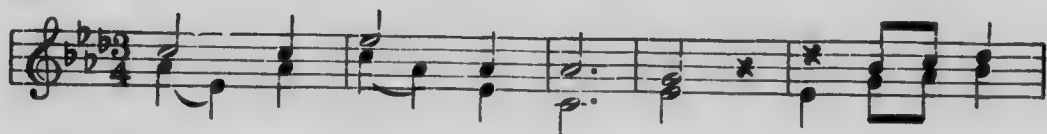
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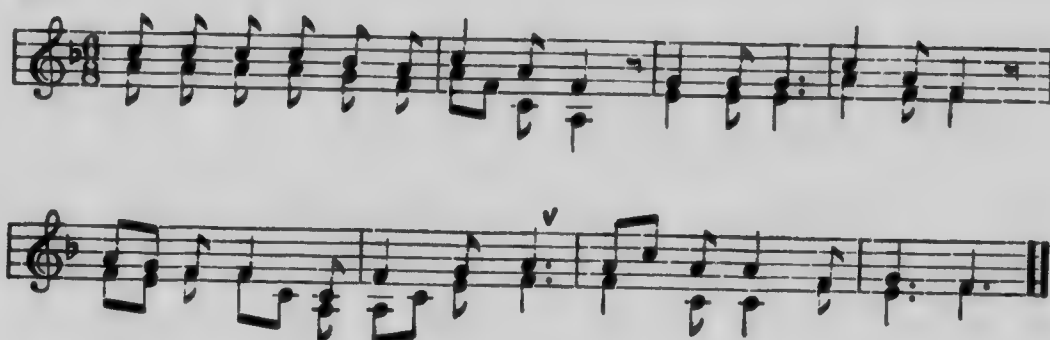
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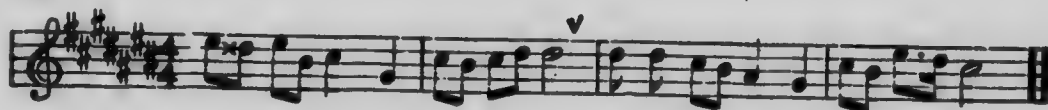
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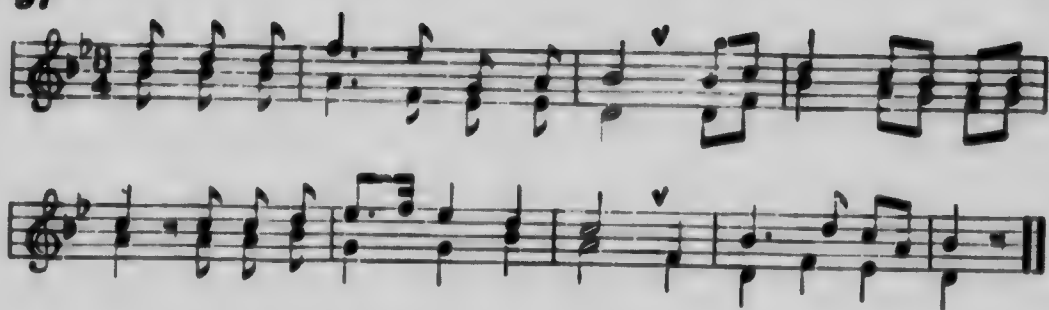
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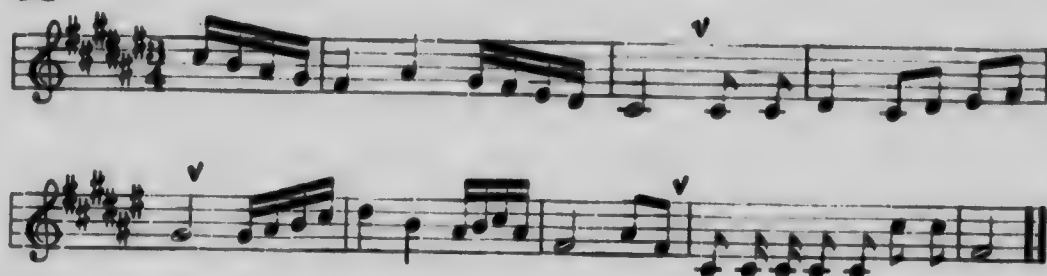
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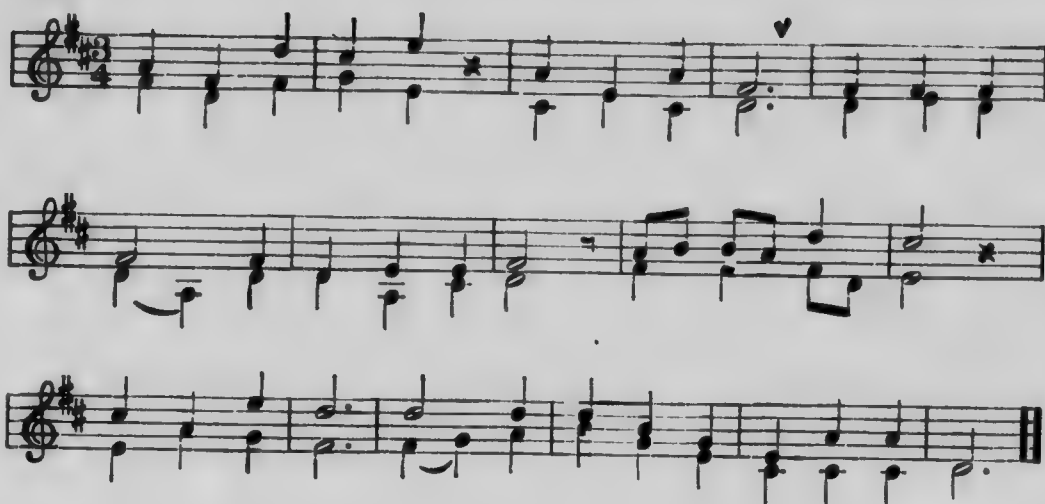


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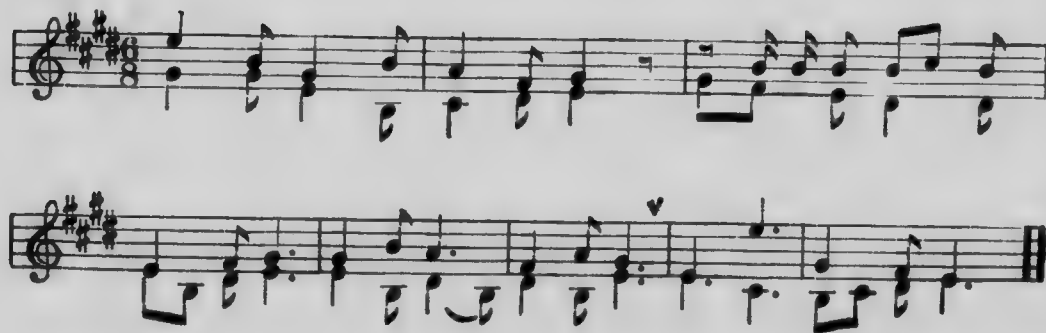
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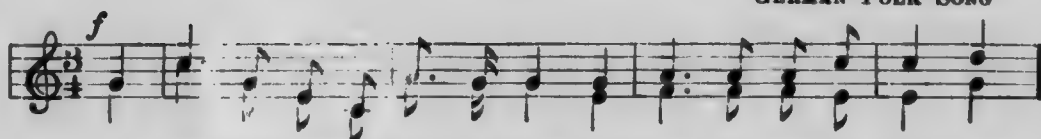
103



PART SONGS

O SING WITH VOICES CLEAR

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. O sing with voi-ces clear and strong, The song of songs up - rais - ing,
2. Thou old - en bard - ic fa - ther-land, Thou land of truth and beau - ty,
3. With thee for aye we cast our lot; To home and vir - tue tru - ly



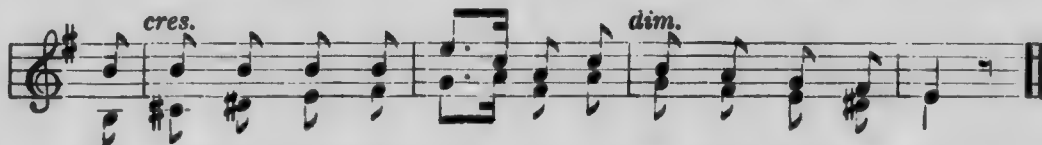
Our own, our fa - thers' na - tive song, Set wood - land ech-oes prais-ing.
 Thou dear, thou well-be - lov - ed land, Thy praise is joy and du - ty.
 We ded - i - cate our hand and heart, And soul and spir - it new - ly.

THE AUTUMN WIND IS MOANING

FRIEDRICH KUHNSTEDT



1. The au - tumn wind is moan-ing With sad and sob - bing sigh;
2. Well may they quail be - fore him And pal - er turn with fear;
3. He soon will strip the for - ests Of all their gay at - tire,
4. Then blow, thou wind un - spar-ing, Thy wild - est blasts em - ploy;



The leaves all shrink and shiv - er To hear him rush - ing by.
 He soon will sap their vig - or And waste no wan - ing year.
 And leaves of sum - mer beau - ty Will crack - le in the fire.
 Thy force can nev - er scat - ter Our hopes of fu - ture joy.

FLOAT AWAY

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. Float a-way, oh, float a-way, O'er land and o'er sea. Dark
2. Fare ye well, now, fare ye well, My books and my play! Of
3. Float a-long, oh, float a-long, Ye snow-y white throng. No



- clouds, come not hith-er; We wait for fair weath-er; Float a-
 all I am wea-ry; The bird's call is cheer-y; I'm a-
 lon-ger ye hov-er The green mead-ows o-ver; To the



- way, oh, float a-way, And wel-come bright day.
 way, then, I'm a-way, On wings of the May!
 sea, then, to the sea, Oh, hast-en from me.

IN THE LOVELY MONTH OF JUNE

CHARLES E. WHITING



1. In the love-ly month of June Na-ture sings her sweet-est tune;
2. Sweetest mu-sic far and near Fills with joy the list-'ning ear;
3. Ev-'ry sea-son made for man Works its part in God's great plan,



- Earth is filled with fra-grance rare From the per-fume-la-den air,
 Song of birds and breath of flow'rs Crown with bliss the pass-ing hours,
 But the sun-shine of sweet June Fills the world with one glad tune,



As we hail with glad de-light All thy beau-ties, fair and bright,



Love-ly June, love-ly June, Charm-ing month of June.

'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

H. R. BISHOP



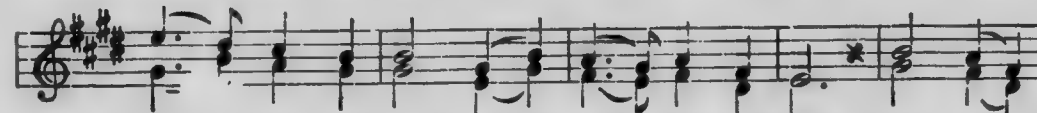
1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces, though we may roam,
2. An ex-ile from home, splen-dor daz-zles in vain;



Be it ev-er so hum-ble there's no place like home; A
O! give me my low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain! The



charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which
birds sing-ing gai-ly that came at my call, Give



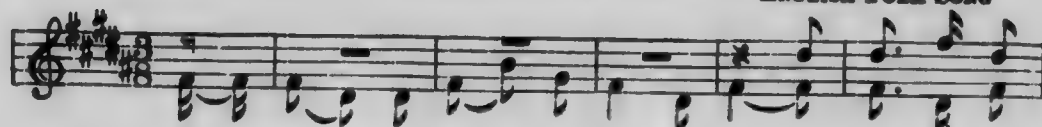
see: thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home,
m. hem, and that peace of mind, dear-er than all. Home, home,



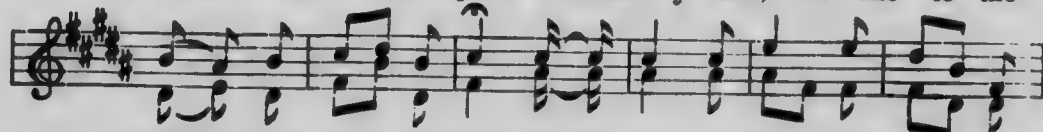
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so hum-ble there's no place like home.

HOW PLEASANT THE LIFE

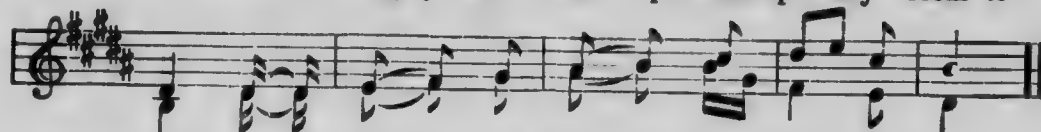
ENGLISH FOLK SONG



1. How pleasant the life of a bird must be Flit-ting a -
2. They have left their nests in the for - est bough, Those homes of de -
3. And hark! at the top of this leaf - y hall, How one to the



bout in each leaf - y tree, In the leaf - y trees so broad and
 light they need not now, And the young and old they wan - der
 oth - er they loving-ly call, Come up! come up! they seem to



tall Like a green and beau - ti - ful pal - ace wall.
 out And trav - erse this green world a - round a - bout.
 say, Where the top - most twigs in the breez - es away.

WAVES BRIGHTLY GLANCING

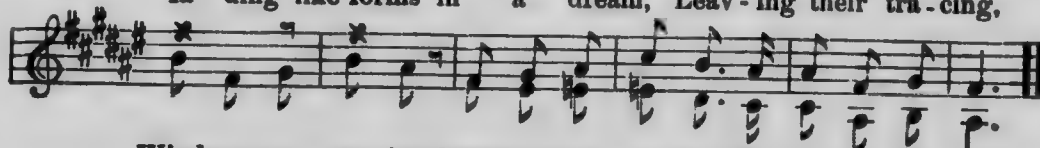
CHARLES E. WRITING



1. Waves brightly glanc-ing, Mer - ri - ly dan-cing, Smile in the
2. Now on the o - cean, Glid-ing in mo-tion, Launch our light
3. For - ests and mead-ows Ven - ish like shad-ows, Glanc-ing and



sun-light and spar-kle with glee; Flow'rs are un - clos-ing,
 pin-nace and sea-ward we spring; Oars dip-ping light-ly,
 fa - ding like forms in a dream, Leav-ing their tra-cing,

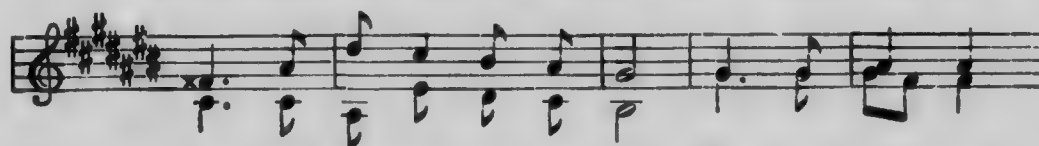


Winds are re - pos - ing, Zeph-yr's are fan-ning the rose on the tree.
 Sails swelling slight-ly, Bear us a - long like a bird on the wing.
 Just as in pass-ing, Pic-tures are drawn by the sun's glowing beam.

ONWARD ONWARD

Maestoso

1. On - ward, on - ward, is our na - tion's cry, On - ward,
 2. On - ward, on - ward, is the loud de - mand, On - ward,
 3. On - ward, on - ward, flow, ye streams of light, On - ward,



on - ward, one and all re - ply. Free-dom's cause can
 on - ward, firm in heart and hand. Free-dom smiles on
 on - ward, still in free-dom's might; On, till earth is



nev - er die, On - ward, on - ward, is our na - tion's cry.
 this fair land, On - ward, on - ward, is the loud de - mand.
 free from night, On - ward, on - ward flow, ye streams of light.

CHILDREN GO TO AND FRO

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. Chil-dren go to and fro In a mer-ry laughing row,
 2. Swift - ly turn-ing round and round, Do not look up - on the ground,



Foot - steps light, Fa - ces bright, 'Tis a hap - py sight.
 Fol - low me, Full of glee, Sing - ing mer - ri - ly.



La la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

IN THE WOODLAND



1. In the wood-land, in the wood-land, There I heard the rob - in sing,
 2. In the gar - den, in the gar - den, Bus - y bees hum all the day;



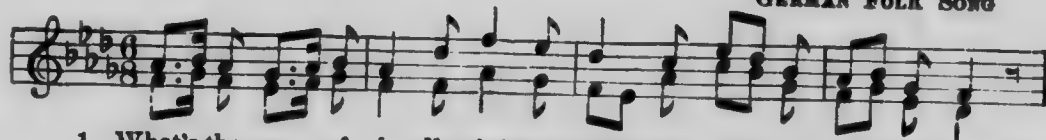
Sing - ing soft - ly, sing - ing dear - ly, Sing - ing loud - ly, sing - ing clear - ly,
 Now to rose - bush, now to bow - er, Or in sun - shine or in show - er,



Hith - er, thith - er, as he flew, Thro' the sun - shine or the dew.
 To the hive they bear a - way Stores of hon - ey all the day.

WHAT'S THE USE OF IDLY SIGHING

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. What's the use of i - dly sigh - ing, While the pre - cious moments speed?
 2. He who would climb high and higher, Reach the land made fair by hope,



Bet - ter spend thy time in try - ing; Brave en - deav - or
 Must not sit a use - less sigh - er, But with ev - 'ry



must suc - ceed; Trust not fan - cy's emp - ty seem - ing!
 dan - ger cope. Faint not strug - gling in life's cur - rent,



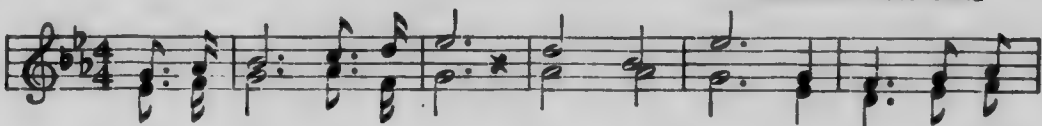
No fair work that time with-stands Has been born of
Thou hast strength to stem the tide, There a - waits a



aim - less dream - ing, Or wrought out by i - dle hands.
no - bler guer - don For thee, on the oth - er side.

COME AWAY

ENGLISH FOLK SONG



1. Come a - way! come a - way! Mer - ry May, Her joy - ous mirth
2. Come a - way! come a - way! Love - ly May, Her bow'rs with blos -
3. Come a - way! come a - way! Gen - tle May, Her smile of sun -
4. Come a - way! come a - way! Laugh - ing May, Old Win - ter's back



a-round is fling - ing, Till wood and field with song are ring - ing;
soms rare is fill - ing, And nest - ing birds their notes are trill - ing;
ny light is pour - ing, The hap - py lark on high is soar - ing;
with flow'rs is pelt - ing, Her sun-beams all his frowns are melt - ing;



Come a - way! Come a - way! Come a - way! Come a - way! come a - way!

THE AUTUMN BREEZE

Moderato

1. The au - tumn breeze sweeps through the trees And
 2. The moon shines clear through for - ests drear And

shakes all the leaves from the thick - et; The swal-lows fly, The
 calm - ly and cold - ly looks o'er us, While thro' the air The

storks move by, And hushed is the chirp of the crick - et.
 branches bare Are wav-ing so sad - ly be - fore us.

WHAT MAKES THE MORN'S FAIR BEAM

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

1. What makes the morn's fair beam Fair - er and lov - lier seem? A
 2. He who in scenes of joy Would life's quick hours em-ploy, Must

heart that's free from guile, A heart that's free from guile.
 have no heart of guile, Must have no heart of guile.

What makes the shades of night Sweet as the beams of light?
 Then come what - ev - er may His looks will still be gay,

The pure and cheer - ful smile, The pure and cheer - ful smile.
 And wear a cheer - ful smile, And wear a cheer - ful smile.

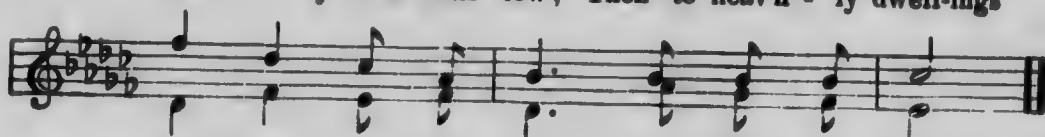
O'ER THE FIELDS



1. O'er the fields and o'er the mead - ows, Let us
2. Thus a-mong life's flow'rs we wan - der, Till the



free - ly forth to roam All the day, un - til the
wea - ry sun sinks low; Then to heav'n - ly dwell-ings



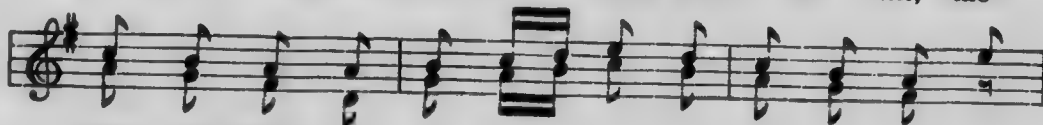
shad - ows Of the eve - ning bring us home.
yon - der, Glad our home - ward steps shall go.

THE BEE IN FLOW'RY DELL

FRIEDRICH SILCHER



1. The bee in flow - 'ry dell Is ev - er fly - ing
2. Who made the bee de - sire To sip the flow - 'ret's
3. The God who makes the juice From flow'rs dis - till, the



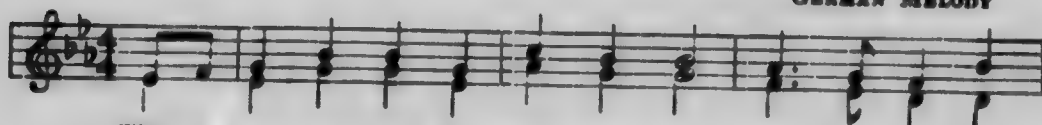
here and there, As if it nev - er wea - ry were, To
fra - grant sweet, And taught it to di - rect its feet? Do
bee di - rects, To find the hon - ey it col - lects, And



fill, to fill, to fill, to fill, to fill its lit - tle cell.
none, do none, do none, do none, do none of us in - quire?
stores, and stores, and stores, and stores, and stores for fu - ture use.

THOUGH CLEAR AND BRIGHT

GERMAN MELODY



- 1 Though clear and bright in tempt - ing cup Ru - by wine be
 2 He is no friend, the ru - by wine, All our sens - es
 3 If you would wear the rose of health, Broth - er, son, and



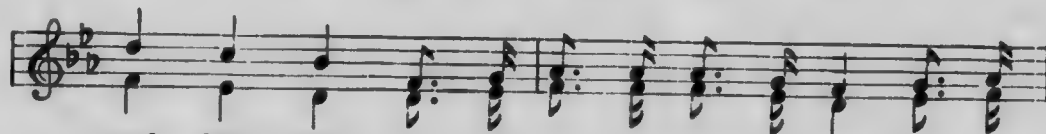
laugh - ing, No wish have we to drink it up, Poi - son
 steal - ing, To chill the heart, de - stroy the brain, Drown each
 daugh - ter, Trust no false friend, a foe by stealth, Drink the



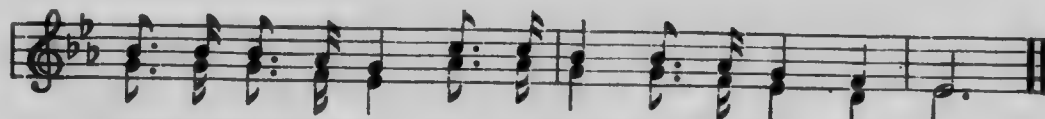
lies in quaff - ing, From the mer - ry, laugh - ing rill, As it
 no - ble feel - ing, From the mer - ry, laugh - ing rill, As it
 pure cold wa - ter, From the mer - ry, laugh - ing rill, As it



glides a - long the hill, We will drink and re - joice At its



spark - ling glow, And our mer - ry song shall be, Oh, the



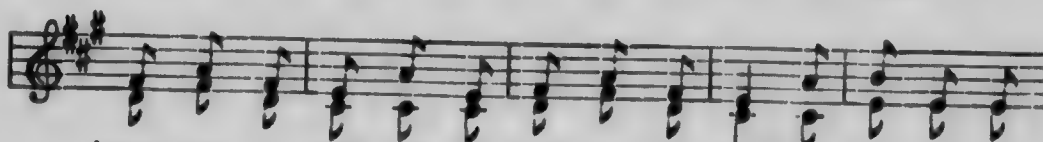
cool - ing draught for me! Oh, the bright, cool - ing stream for me!

THE COW HAS A HORN

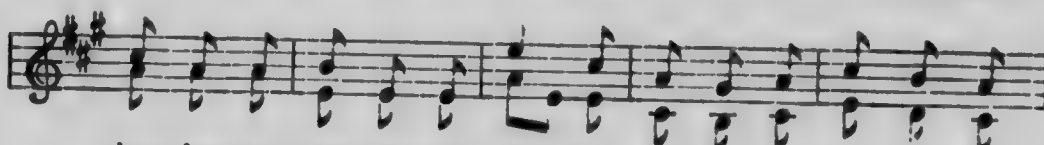
JOHN HULLAN



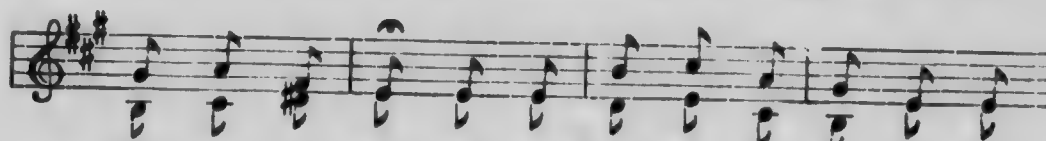
1. The cow has a horn, and the fish has a gill; The
 2. And Carl has two hands, with five fin - gers to each, On



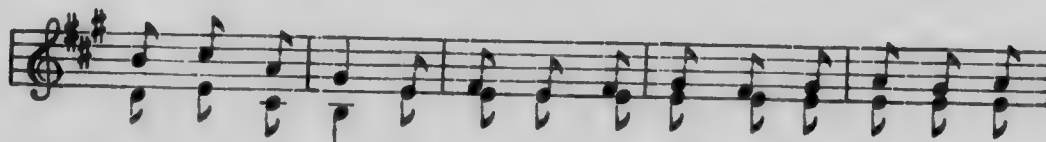
horse has a hoof, and the duck has a bill; The bird has a
 pur - pose to work with, to hold and to reach; No birds, beasts, or



wing, that on high he may sail; The li - on a mane, and the
 fish - es, for work or for play, Have an - y thing half so con -



mon - key a tail; And they swim, or they fly, or they
 ven - ient as they; But if he is not will - ing to



walk, or they eat, With fin, or with wing, or with bill, or with
 give them good use, He'd bet - ter have no hands at all, like a



feet, With fin, or with wing, or with bill, or with feet.
 goose, He'd bet - ter have no hands at all, like a goose.

SINGING BIRD



1. Sing-ing bird and bus-y bee, Thro' the air ev-'ry-where,
2. Sing-ing bird and bus-y bee, As they soar ev-er-more,
3. Sing-ing bird and bus-y bee, On the wing, work and sing;



- Cull-ing sweets from flower and tree, Ev-er free and fair.
 Whis-per soft to you and me Na-ture's fault-less love.
 To our Mak-er thus would we Praise and ser-vice bring.



Hark! In soft-est tones I hear Gen-tle voi-ces say,



"Song and la-bor bring us cheer All the live-long day."

ON THE MOUNTAIN WOULD I BE

F. J. MESSER



1. On the mountain would I be, View-ing val-ley, wood and sea;
2. In the glowing noontide heat, Mak-ing calm re-tirement sweet,
3. When the sun's re-tir-ing ray Seems to beck-on us a-way,



When the lark, with circling flight, War-bles in the morning light,
Here se-clud-ed let me stand, Far a-bove the toil-ing land;
Call-ing down-cast men to rise Through the glo-ry-tint-ed skies,



On the mountain would I be, Where the air is fresh and free.
On the mountain would I be, Where the mind from care is free.
On the mountain would I be, With a soul from earth set free.

SEE THE GOLDEN GLORIES

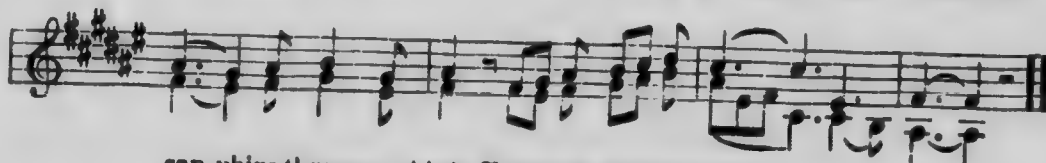
A. MÜHLING



1. See the gold-en glo-ries gleaming O'er the star - bespangled
2. See the ev - er vary-ing splendor Of the sun - set clouds a -
3. Stars and clouds are tho'ts revealing Him whose good - ness gave them



sky, Mel-low'd ra - diance soft-ly stream-ing From the
bove, Glow-ing, quiv'r - ing, bright, yet ten - der, Like the
birth, Sweet-ly to . . . our souls ap - peal - ing From the



sap-phire throne on high, From the sapphire throne on high.
home of joy and love, Like the home of joy and love.
sor - did cares of earth, From the sor-did cares of earth.

ON LIGHTSOME WING

SPANISH MELODY



1. On lightsome wing from flow'r to flow'r, Thro' all the sum-mer day I
2. Up - on the blush-ing rose I sit And wave my vel - vet wings, Then
3. My bed the drow-sy pop-py makes, When twinkling stars peep forth, Un -



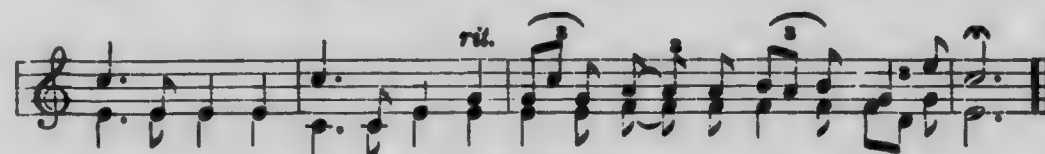
while a - way each shin - ing hour, Till falls the eve - ning gray. From
on the trembling jas - mine light, That ev - 'ry zeph - yr swings. The
till the sun, as morn - ing breaks, A - gain re - vives the earth. Thus



tu - lip bright and vi - o - let I flit to lil - y fair, Then
schoolboy marks my bril - lian-cy, With stealthy step draws nigh, Then
free from care and en - vious strife I pass the sum-mer hours, No



flut - ter to the mign - on - ette And gath - er hon - ey there, Then
ea - ger - ly pur - sues the chase, As far a - way I fly, Then
win - ter has my pleas - ant life, I per - ish with the flowers, No



flut - ter to the mign-on-ette, And gather honey, And gather honey there.
ea - ger - ly pur - sues the chase, As far a - way, As far a - way I fly
win - ter has my pleas - ant life, I per - ish with, I per - ish with the flow'rs.

SWEET THE QUIET EVENING

FRANZ SCHUBERT



1. Sweet the qui - et ev'n - ing, Soft the part - ing ray;
2. Sweet-est mu - sic ech - oes From a thou-sand tongues,



Thanks we give with hearts and voi - ces For the pleas - ant day;
Grate - ful song - sters now are trill - ing Hap - py ev'n - ing songs.



May we rest se - cure - ly Thro' the hours of night,
Let us join in prais - ing Him who life has giv'n,



Strength-en'd be for du - ties com - ing With the morn - ing light.
Let us all with deep e - mo - tion, Raise our hearts to Heav'n.

LOOK HERE IS THE DAISY

IRISH MELODY



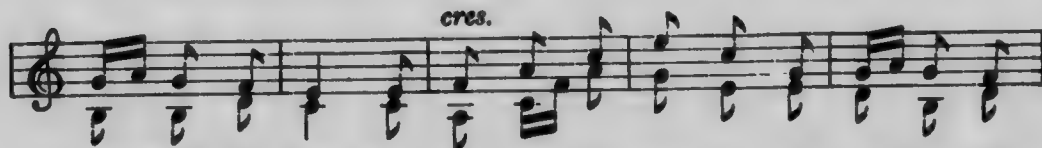
1. Look, here is the dai - sy ap - pear - ing a - gain! Wher -
2. Tho' flow'rs of the val - ley are with - ered and dead, Yet
3. Then what though some flow - ers in bright - er ar - ray May



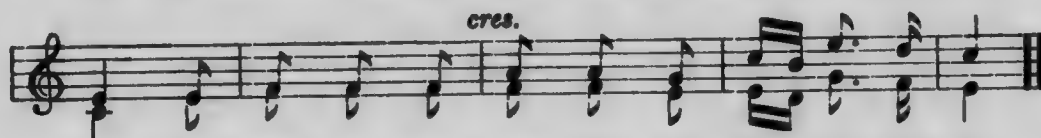
ev - er I wan - der in wood - land or glen The dai - sy peeps
you, pret - ty dai - sy, can still raise your head, Re - gard - less a -
bloom in the gar - den of Flo - ra to - day! Yet my pret - ty



forth to wel-come the dawn, To glad-den the mead-ow, the
like of the bleak win-try gale, The frost, or the snow, or the
dai-sy when these are all gone, Will flour-ish as fresh as they



park and the lawn. My fa-vor-ite dai-sy is fear-less and
hard, cut-ting hail. You shrink not, you droop not, you flour-ish as
ev-er have done. So per-fect its parts and so wise-ly de-



free, Who braves the steep moun-tains and there wel-comes me.
fair, As well nur-tured plants in the gar-den-er's care.
sign'd, They plain-ly de-clare an om-ni-po-tent mind.

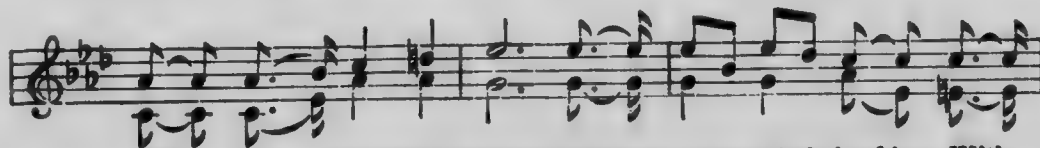
OH THE SUMMER NIGHT

ENGLISH MELODY

Moderato



1. Oh, the sum-mer night Has a smile of light And she
2. But the au-tumn night Has a pierc-ing sight And a
3. And the win-ter night Is all cold and white, And she
4. It bring-eth sleep To the for-easts deep, The



sits on a sap-phire throne, While the sweet winds load her With
step both strong and free, And a voice for won-der, Like the
sing-eth a song of pain, Till the wild bee hum-meth And
for-est bird to its nest, To care bright hours, And



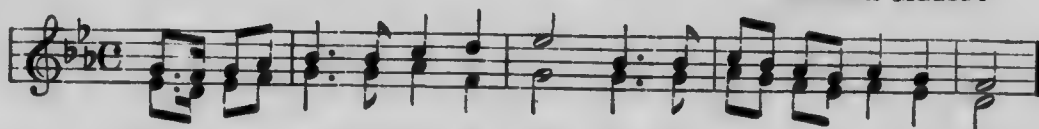
gar-lands of o - dor, From the bud to the rose o'er -
 wrath of the thun - der, When he shouts to the storm - y
 warm spring com - eth, When she dies in a dream of
 dreams of flow - ers, And that balm to the wea - ry,—



blown, From the bud to the rose o'er - blown.
 sea, When he shouts to the storm - y sea.
 rain, When she dies in a dream of rain.
 Rest, And that balm to the wea - ry,— Rest.

ONLY ONE CAN NEVER FAIL

ENGLISH MELODY



1. On - ly One can nev - er fail, Ev - er do - ing all things well;
 2. He will ev - 'ry prom - ise keep, Guid - ing us up - on the deep;



His the sleep - less searching eye, Watching o'er us from the sky;
 Storms may come and winds may blow, Still His lov - ing care we know.



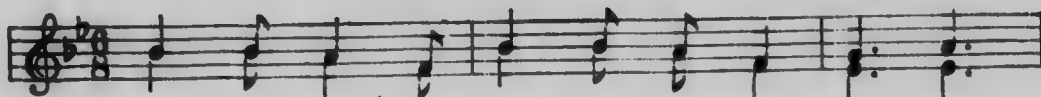
His the ev - er - last - ing arm, Hold - ing us from ev - 'ry harm;
 Thro' the flood and thro' the fire, He will lead us ev - er higher,



His the way where all is bright. Trust in Him and do the right.
 Till our faith is lost in sight. Trust in Him and do the right.

JOHNNY STOUT

ENGLISH MELODY



1. John - ny Stout went out a gun - ning, Hi, ho!
 2. John - ny tried a - gain his gun - ning, Hi, ho!
 3. John - ny said, I'll leave off gun - ning, Hi, ho!



dal de ral day! He shot at a rab - bit
 dal de ral day! And shot at a squir - rel
 dal de ral day! For things that I shoot they



while it was run - ning, Hi, ho! dal de ral day! But the
 while it was run - ning, Hi, ho! dal de ral day! But the
 still keep on run - ning, Hi, ho! dal de ral day! Ver - y



rab - bit kept run - ning for all John - ny's gun - ning And
 squir - rel kept run - ning for all John - ny's gun - ning And
 soon he was run - ning a - way from his gun - ning And



nev - er a bit stopp'd he. Oh! John - ny felt sad, but the
 nev - er a bit stopp'd he. Oh! John - ny felt sad, but the
 nev - er a bit stopp'd he. He came home quite glad, tho' the



rab - bit felt glad And a - way from John - ny did flee.
 squir - rel felt glad And a - way from John - ny did flee.
 gun - ning was bad, So no one was kill'd, do you see?

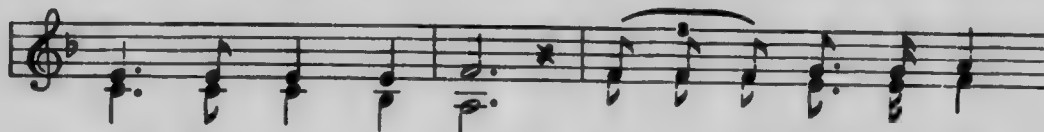
MERRILY GLIDES OUR BOAT

Allegretto

GERMAN MELODY



1. Mer - ri - ly glides our boat o'er the wa - ters bright,
 2. Play - ful - ly ply our oars as we row a - long,
 3. Peace - ful - ly drift we on as the shades pre - vail,



O'er the wa - ters bright. Swift - ly the hours go by,
 As we row a - long, Bend - ing their blades in time
 As the shades pre - vail. High in the star - lit sky



and our hearts are light, And our hearts are light.
 to our mer - ry song, To our mer - ry song.
 beams the new moon pale, Beams the new moon pale.



Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la



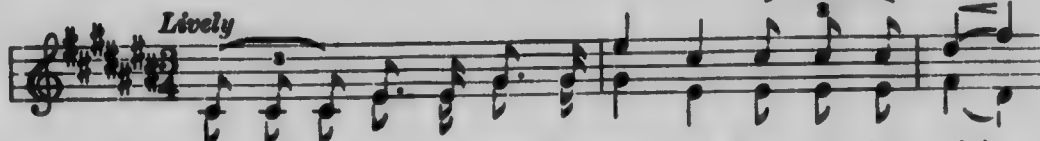
la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la

Repeat pp

la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

MERRILY EVERY HEART

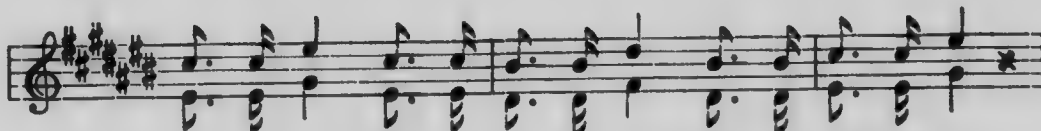
GERMAN MELODY



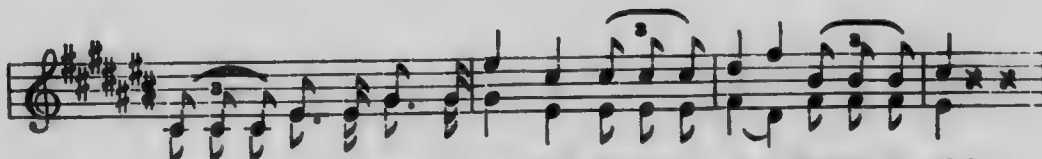
1. { Mer - ri - ly ev - 'ry heart is bound-ing, Mer - ri - ly oh!
 Joy - ful - ly ev - 'ry voice is sound-ing, Joy - ful - ly oh!
 2. { Cheer - i - ly ev - 'ry face is beam-ing, Cheer - i - ly oh!
 Play - ful - ly ev - 'ry eye is gleam-ing, Play - ful - ly oh!



Mer - ri - ly oh!
 Joy - ful - ly (*Omit.*) oh! To the woods we go, Where the
 Cheer - i - ly oh!
 Play - ful - ly (*Omit.*) oh! To the fields a - way We will



vio - lets grow, Where the vio - lets grow, To the woods we go.
 rove to - day, We will rove to - day To the fields a - way.



Mer - ri - ly ev - 'ry heart is bounding, Mer - ri - ly oh! Mer - ri - ly oh!



Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly, Mer - ri - ly, oh! Mer - ri - ly oh! Mer - ri - ly oh!

'TIS THE PLEASANT SPRINGTIME

SCOTTISH MELODY

Spirited

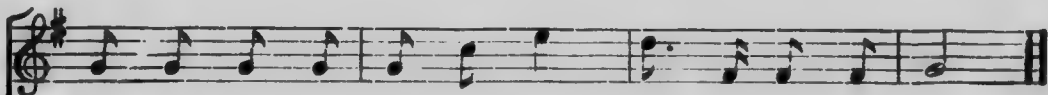
1. 'Tis the pleas - ant springtime. Hear the riv - er roar!
2. 'Tis the pleas - ant springtime. Na - ture's heart is glad;
3. 'Tis the pleas - ant springtime. Ma - ny songs a - rise;



How it leaps and dash - es On the rock - y shore!
 Moun - tains with their gran - deur Are with beau - ty clad;
 Wood - land ech - oes mock them Ere their ca - dence dies;



Win - ter's chain is bro - ken. Gush - ing founts are free,
 Flow - ers bright are spring - ing In the green - wood shade,
 Ma - ny birds are sing - ing, Soft the mu - sic floats;

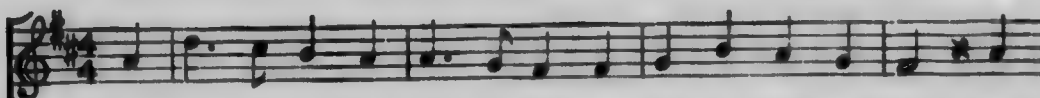


Fleec - y clouds are float - ing now O'er the foam - y sea.
 Fling - ing fra - grance all a - round Ere their brightness fade.
 Ev - 'ry vale is ring - ing now With the mel - low notes.

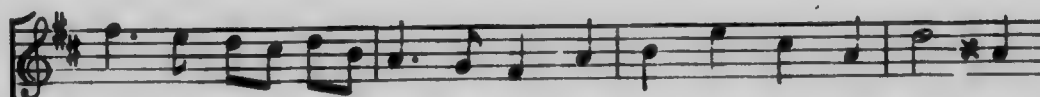


WHATEVER WORK YOU HAVE TO DO

GERMAN MELODY



1. What-ev - er work you have to do, Yield not to slug-gish rest; Make
2. What-ev - er work you have to do, Go forth with ea - ger zest; Make
3. What-ev - er work you have to do, Put cour-age to the test; Make



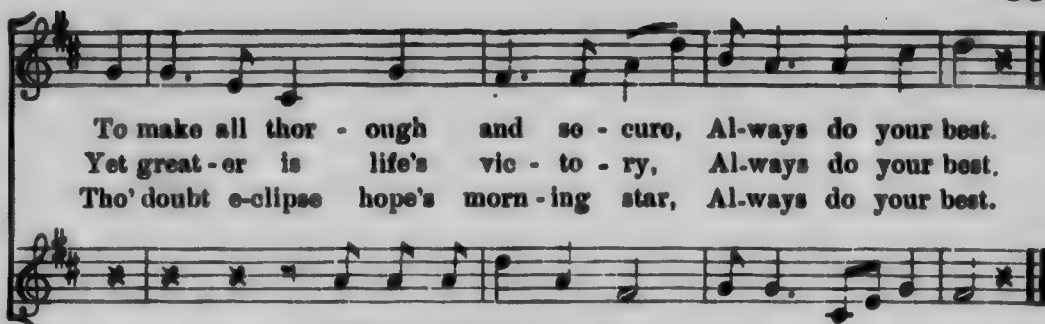
up your mind to get it thro' And al - ways do your best. No
up your mind to get it thro' And al - ways do your best. Plain
up your mind to get it thro' And al - ways do your best. Though



mat - ter tho' suc - cess seems sure, The work best wrought will best en - dure.
du - ty may not pleas - ant be, Smooth paths to right men sel - dom see;
foe out - num - ber friend by far, Though you go sing - ly forth to war,



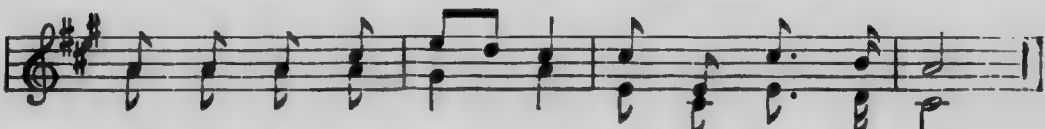
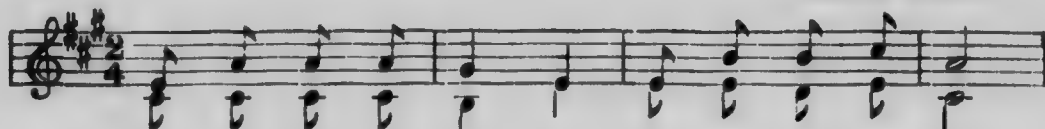
tho' suc-cess seems sure,
may not pleas-ant be,
out-number friend by far,



all thor-ough and se - cure,
 is life's vic - to - ry,
 eclipse hope's morning star,

SEE THE MERRY BROOKLET

ENGLISH MELODY



OH COME MAIDENS COME

GERMAN MELODY



1. Oh come, maid - ens, come, o'er the blue roll - ing wave,
2. Wake the cho - rus of song and our oars shall keep time,
3. See the helms - man look forth to the bea - con light isle,
4. And when on life's o - cean we turn our slight prow.



The love - ly should still be the care of the brave.
 While our hearts gent - ly beat to the mu - si - cal chime.
 So we shape our heart's course by the light of your smile.
 May the light - house of hope beam like this on us now.



Tran - ca - dil - lo, Tran - ca - dil - lo, Tran - ca - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo,

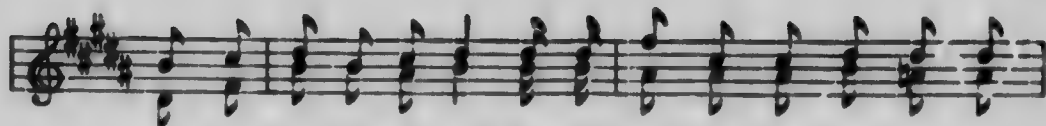
*Repeat pp*

With moon - light and star - light, we'll bound o'er the bil - low.
 With our oar - beat and heart - beat, we'll bound o'er the bil - low.
 With love - light and smile - light, we'll bound o'er the bil - low.
 With hope - light and true - light, we'll bound o'er the bil - low.

THE SNAIL



1. The snail crawls out with his house on his back, The snail crawls out
2. With horn - y eyes how he peer - eth a - bout! With horn - y eyes



with his house on his back ; You may know whence he comes by his
how he peer-eth a - bout ! But the black-bird's bright eyes have just



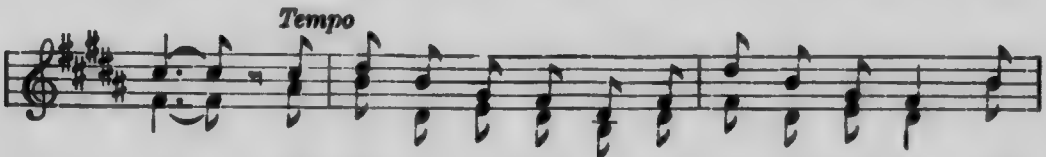
shin - y track, You may know whence he comes by his shin - y track.
spied him out, But the black-bird's bright eyes have just spied him out.



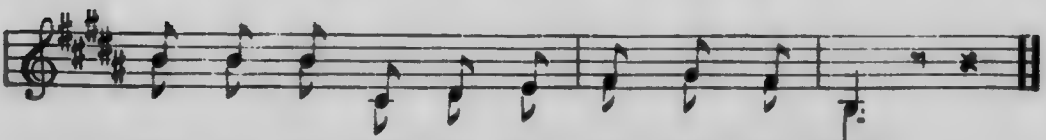
And creep, creep, creep, creep, Oh, how slow - ly he
And tap, tap, tap, tap! On the roof of his



goes! And creep, creep, creep, creep, Oh, how slow - ly he
house; And tap, tap, tap, tap! On the roof of his



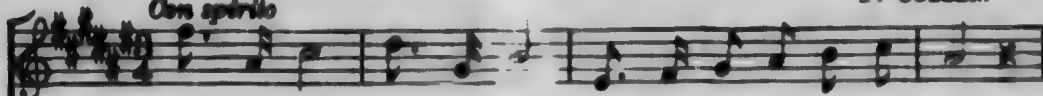
goes! And you'd do the same if you car - ried your house, And
house; He gob-bles him up as a cat does a mouse, He



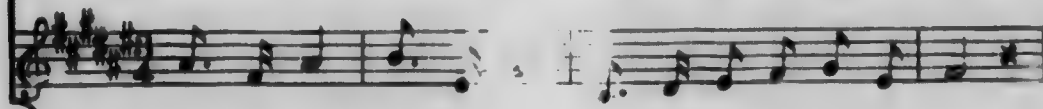
you'd do the same if you car - ried your house.
gob - bles him up as a cat does a mouse.

SUMMER TIME

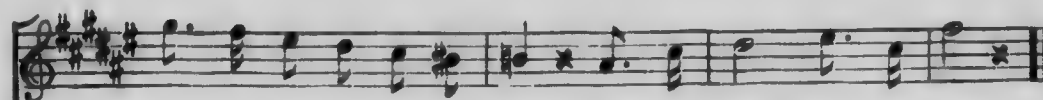
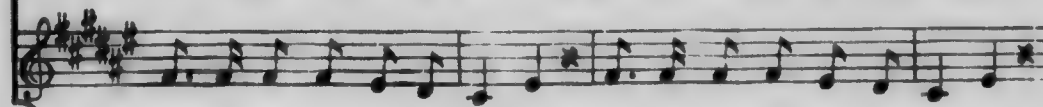
P. COLLIER.

Con spirito

1. Sum - mer time! sum - mer time! Now the world is in its prime.
2. Sum - mer sun! sum - mer sun! Roy - al - ly his course is run.
3. Sum - mer air! sum - mer air! Pa - den with a fra - grance rare,



Sparkling wavelets dot the o - cean, Bright clouds float in air - y mo - tion,
 From the east in pomp ad - van - cing, O - ver sub - ject Na - ture glancing,
 Sweep - ing o'er the loft - y mountain, Soft - ly rus - tle at the fountain,



Rust - ling leaves and bird - songs chime. Summer time! sum - mer time!
 Mark - ing all the tri - umphs won. Summer sun! sum - mer sun!
 High and low the sweetness share. Summer air! sum - mer air!



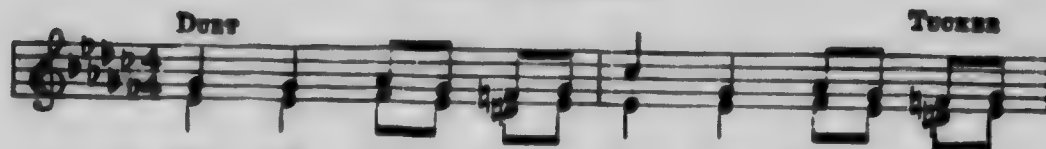
4

Summer green! summer green!
 Clothing all the beauteous scene,
 O'er the woods a shimmer throwing,
 Like a sea of verdure flowing
 Round the islet hills between.
 Summer green! Summer green!

5

Summer song! summer song!
 Hark! the merry, warbling throng!
 Ringing o'er field and meadow,
 Near the forest's friendly shadow,
 How they pour the notes along!
 Summer song! Summer song!

JOY BELLS



- | | | | |
|----------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Joy - bells | ring - ing, | Chil - dren | sing - ing, |
| 2. Joy - bells | ring - ing, | Chil - dren | sing - ing, |
| 3. Earth seems | bright - er, | Hearts grow | light - er, |
| 4. Joy - bells | near - er, | Loud - er, | clear - er! |



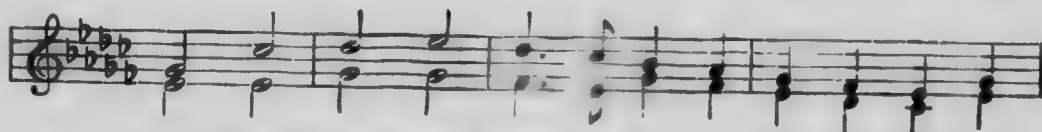
Fill the air with mu - sic sweet; Joy - ful meas - ure,
 Hark! their voi - ces, loud and clear, Break - ing o'er us,
 As the glad - some mel - o - dy Charms our sad - ness
 When the heart is free from care, Skies are cheer - ing



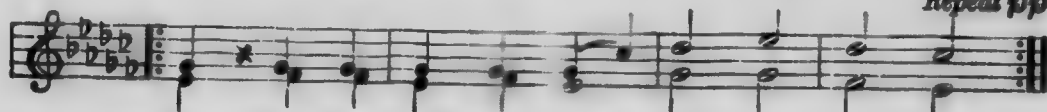
Guile - less pleas - ure, Make the chain of song com - plete.
 Like a cho - rus, From a pur - er, hap - pier sphere.
 In - to glad - ness, Peal - ing, peal - ing joy - ful - ly.
 And we're hear - ing Joy - bells ring - ing ev - 'ry - where.



Joy - bells! joy - bells! Nev - er, nev - er cease your ring - ing,



Chil - dren! chil - dren! Nev - er, nev - er cease your sing - ing.



List, list, the song that wells, Joy - bells, joy - bells!

OH HO VACATION

FRENCH MELODY

Lively

1. Oh ho! va - ca - tion days are here, We wel - come them with
 2. Oh ho! ye song - sters of the shade, A mer - ry troop your
 3. Oh ho! the hours will quick - ly fly And soon va - ca - tion



heart - y cheer. Mer - ri - ly sing, Tra la la la. In
 haunts in - vade. Mer - ri - ly sing, Tra la la la. Be -
 time go by. Mer - ri - ly sing, Tra la la la. Ah!



wis - dom's halls we joy to be, But yet 'tis pleas - ant
 ware, our songs of mer - ry glee May fright you from the
 then we'll all in glad re - frain Sing wel - come to our



to be free. So mer - ri - ly we sing, Tra la la la la la
 greenwood tree. So mer - ri - ly we sing, Tra la la la la la.
 school a - gain. Ah! mer - ri - ly we sing, Tra la la la la la.

COME HITHER

JOHN HULLAN

Allegretto

1. Come hith - er and let us be - hold The sun as he sinks to his
 2. The sun that shone bright all the day Is go - ing down out of our



rest. sight, The clouds tipp'd with crim-son and gold Are
And now we must has - ten a - way, For

The clouds tipp'd with crim-son, with crim-son and gold
And now we must has - ten, now has - ten a - way,

f *dim.* *f*
spread-ing all o - ver the west. Let us go to the top of the hill
soon will come darkness and night. Oh! then like the bright set-ting sun

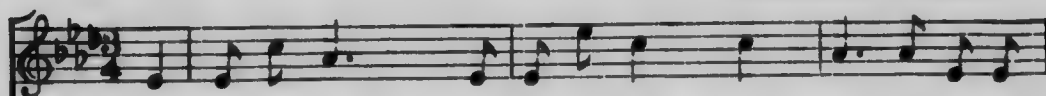
And watch them come sweeping a - long. All na - ture is
May we to our du - ty at - tend, Then think on a
p *dim.*

All na-ture is lone - ly, is
Then think on a day, on a

pp
lone - ly and still And the birds have all end - ed their song.
day well be - gun And cheer - ful - ly wel - come the end.
lone - ly and still
day well be gun

THE HYACINTH AND DAFFODIL

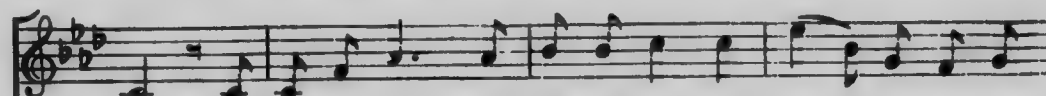
CHARLES E. WHITING



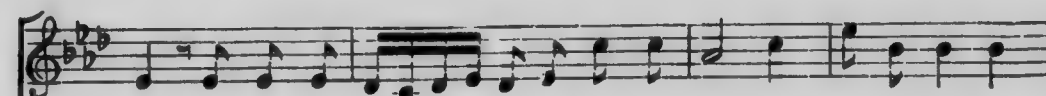
1. The hy - a - cinth and daf - fo - dil Are shin - ing in the
2. The sun has gone, the last warm ray Is fad - ing on the



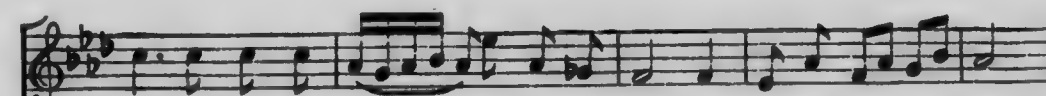
The hy - a - cinth and the daf - fo - dil Are
The sun has gone the last warm ray Is



bed. Untouched up - on the win - dowsill, The rob - in leaves his
lea. The cro - cus clo - ing for the day En - snares the la - den

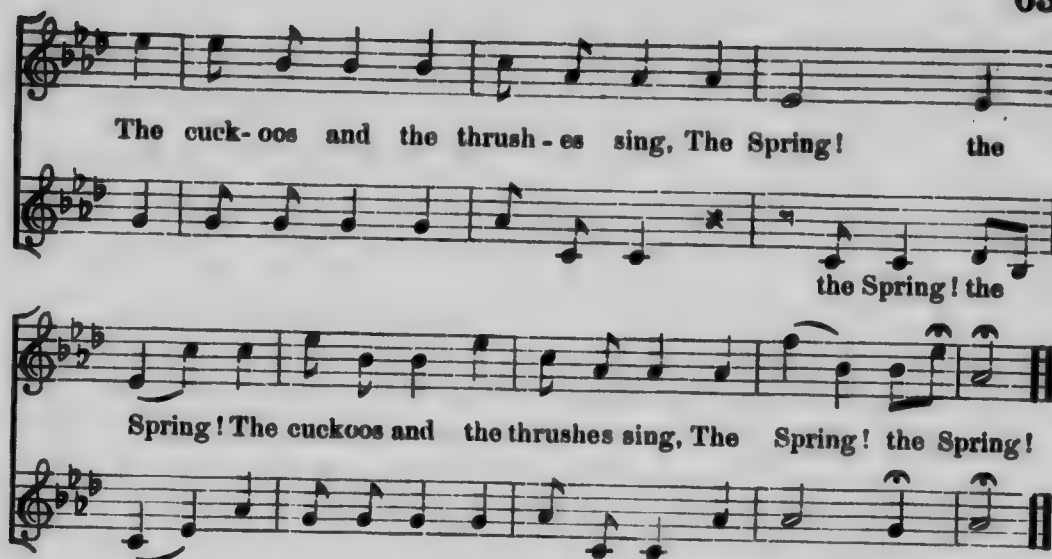



bread. Soft breezes o'er . . . the common blow, The cops - es bud a -
bee. Pale mists a - long . . . the mea - dow lie, The bee - tle takes his

gain, The streams are flushed with melting snow And ear - ly fall - ing rain.
flight, The black rooks wan - der o'er the sky And call the hour of night.



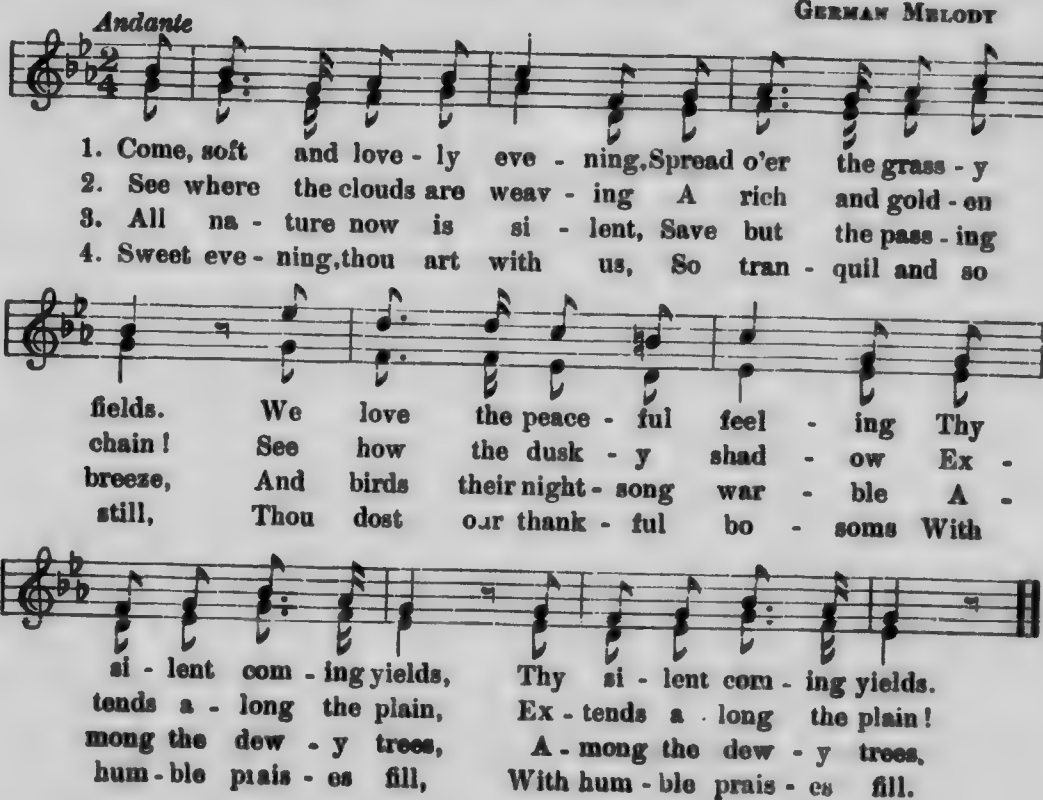


The cuck- oos and the thrush - es sing, The Spring! the
the Spring! the
Spring! The cuckoos and the thrushes sing, The Spring! the Spring!

COME SOFT AND LOVELY EVENING

GERMAN MELODY

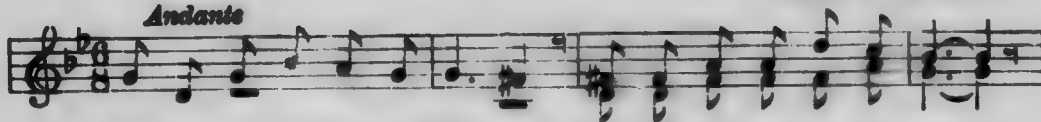
Andante



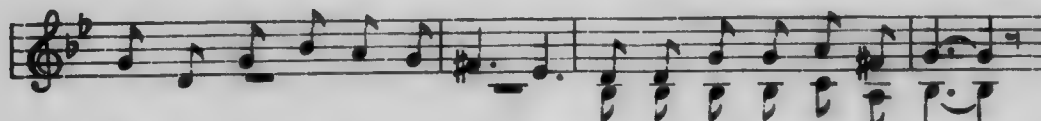
1. Come, soft and love - ly eve - ning, Spread o'er the grass - y
2. See where the clouds are weav - ing A rich and gold - en
3. All na - ture now is si - lent, Save but the pass - ing
4. Sweet eve - ning, thou art with us, So tran - quil and so
fields. We love the peace - ful feel - ing Thy
chain! See how the dusk - y shad - ow Ex -
breeze, And birds their night - song war - ble A -
still, Thou dost our thank - ful bo - soms With
si - lent com - ing yields, Thy si - lent com - ing yields.
tends a - long the plain, Ex - tends a - long the plain!
mong the dew - y trees, A - mong the dew - y trees,
hum - ble prais - es fill, With hum - ble prais - es fill.

NIGHT WINDS

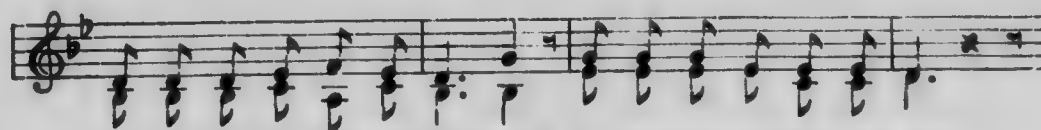
GERMAN FOLK SONG

Andante

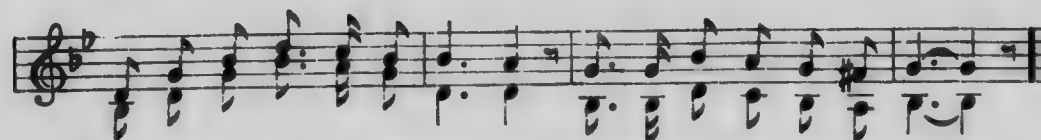
1. Night winds are mournfully weeping, Whis- per-ing oak branches wave
2. Sweet and se - rene be your slum-ber !Hearts for whose freedom you bled,



Where your loved ash - es are sleeping, Forms of the true and the brave.
Mil-lions whom no man can num-ber, Tears of sad grat - i - tude shed.



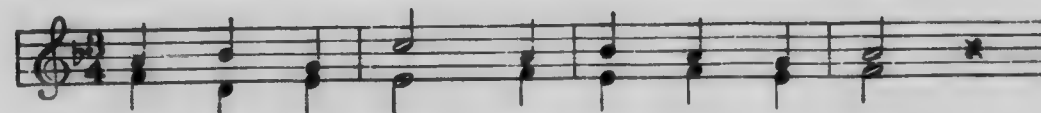
Silence reigns breathless around you, All your stern conflicts are o'er,
Nev- er shall morn, brightly breaking, En-ter your chambers of gloom



Deep is the sleep that hath bound you, Trumpet shall rouse you no more.
Till the last trumpet, a - wak - ing, Sounds thro' the depths of the tomb.

JOIN WE IN CHORUS

GREBACH



1. Join we in cho - rus, Free - dom to praise;
2. Free from all false - hood, Free from all hate,
3. Cheer - ful and hap - py, Du - ty per - form,



Let us our voi - ces Joy - ful - ly raise.
Free from all mal - ice, Free from de - ceit,
Faith - ful in dan - ger, Brav - ing the storm.

I LOVE ALL THINGS

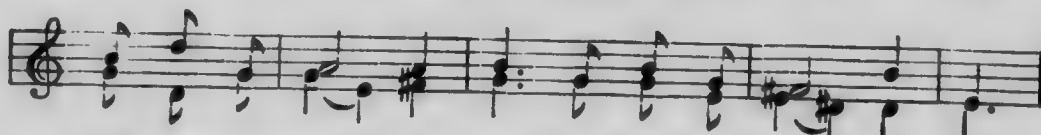
BARRY CORNWALL

ENGLISH MELODY

Andante



1. I love all things that seasons bring. All buds that start, all birds that sing,
2. I love, how much I love the rose, On whose soft lips the south wind blows,
3. She comes the first, the fair - est thing That heav'n up-on the earth doth fling,



All leaves from white to jet, All leaves from white to jet,
In pret - ty am - orous threat, In pret - ty am - orous threat,
Ere Win - ter's star has set, Ere Win - ter's star has set;



All the sweet words that sum - mer sends, When she re - calls her
The lil - y pal - er than the moon, The o - dorous, won - drous
She dwells be - hind her leaf - y screen And gives, as an - gels



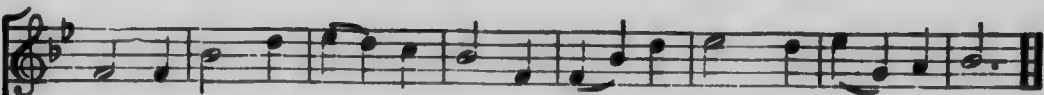
flow - ry friends, But chief the Vi - o - let, But chief the Vi - o - let,
world of June, Yet more the Vi - o - let, Yet more the Vi - o - let.
give, un - seen. So, love the Vi - o - let, So, love the Vi - o - let.

SOFTLY THROUGH THE TWILIGHT

FRANK ABT

Andante

1. Soft - ly thro' the twi - light sounding, Hear the dis - tant eve - ning bells!
2. Thro' the day must du - ty call us, Care and tho't con - trol the breast;
3. Toil now finds a brief ces - sa - tion, Birds and flow'rs their eye-lids close;
4. Then the bells with sweet ap - peal - ing Teach the mind to soar on high,



In the ho - ly calm sur - rounding, Still of peace their mu - sic tells.
 When the shades of night en - thrall us, All things soothe the soul to rest.
 Na - ture owns the sub - ju - ga - tion, Slow - ly sink - ing to re - pose.
 Where the prom - ise is re - veal - ing End - less morn - ing in the sky.



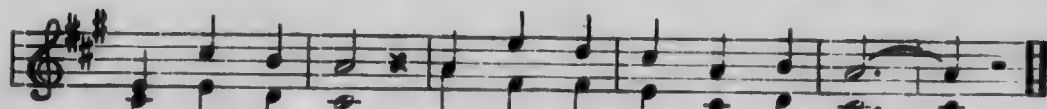
LITTLE BLUE JAY



1. Lit - tle Blue Jay, What does she say, Sit - ting out
2. Lit - tle Blue Jay, What does she say, When it is
3. Lit - tle Blue Jay, Fly - ing a - way O - ver the



there on the tree? . . . Sum - mer I bring,
rain - y and dark? . . . Where the leaves grow,
top of the hill, . . . Where will she fly,



Sweet - ly I sing, Come here and lis - ten to me. . .
There will she go, Hid - ing in for - est or park. . .
Sour - ing so high? Some - thing she has in her bill! . . .

OH THE DANCING OF THE LEAVES

ENGLISH MELODY



1. Oh, the danc - ing of the leaves, When the wind blows; Oh, the
2. Oh, the drift - ing of the snow, When the wind blows; Oh, the
3. Oh, the com - fort of the fire, When the wind blows; Oh, the



danc - ing of the leaves, When the wind blows; And the rush - ing of the
drift - ing of the snow, When the wind blows; Snowing in the cold moon.
com - fort of the fire, When the wind blows; While we hear the song and

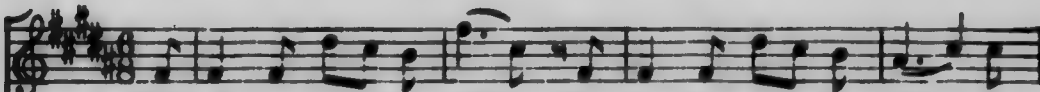


trees, Shouting, shrieking on the leas, Like the sound of seething seas,
light, Fal - len trees hid un - der white, Like great ghosts they lie at night,
chat Of the ket - tle and the cat, And the crick - et on the mat,



When the wind blows, When the wind blows, When the wind blows!

NOW ALL AROUND IS BRIGHT



1. Now all a - round is bright, Re - joic - ing in the light Of
 2. The in - sect myr - iads roam With - out a house or home, They
 3. A thousand fra - grant flow'rs Be - deck the way - side bowers Of
 4. The war - blers on the spray Re - joice the live - long day On




sum - mer's ge - nial rays, . . Of sum - mer's ge - nial rays. A -
 sport thro' their brief day, . . They sport thro' their brief day. At
 na - ture's ver - dant fields, . . Of na - ture's ver - dant fields. The
 air - y seats a - bove, . . On air - y seats a - bove. Oh,



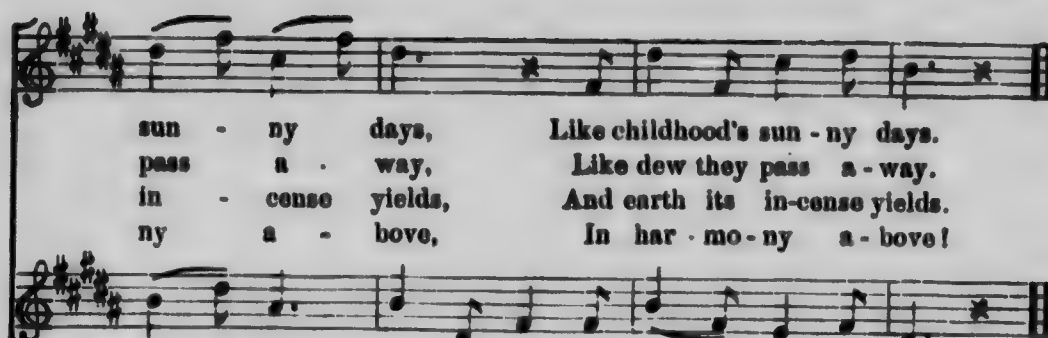
Of sum - mer's ge - nial rays.
 They sport thro' their brief day.
 Of na - ture's ver - dant fields.
 On air - y seats a - - bove.



bove no clouds are seen, . . Like childhood's
 morn they flut - ter high, . . Like dew they
 lim - pid lake and stream . . And earth its
 may we catch the strain . . In har - mo -



Be - low all smiles se - rene,
 At eve - ning gen - tly die,
 With hap - py crea - tures teem,
 And ech - o it a - gain



sun - ny days, Like childhood's sun - ny days.
 pass a - way, Like dew they pass a - way.
 in - cense yields, And earth its in-cense yields.
 ny a - bove, In har - mo - ny a - bove!

Like childhood's sun - ny days.
 Like dew they pass a - way.
 And earth its in - cense yields.
 In har - mo - ny a - bove!

THE DUSKY NIGHT

Jovially ENGLISH MELODY



1. The dusk - y night rides down the sky And ush - ers in the morn;
2. Fond ech - o seems to like the sport And joins the jo - vial cry;
3. Ye jo - vial hun - ters, in the morn Pre-pare ye for the chase;



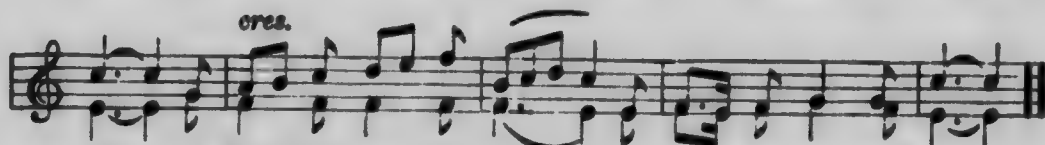
The hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The hounds all join in
 The woods and hills the sounds re-tort, The woods and hills the
 A - rise at sound - ing of the horn, A - rise at sound - ing



glo-rious cry, The hunts-man winds his horn, The hunts-man winds his
 sounds re-tort, And mu- sic fills the sky, And mu - sic fills the
 of the horn, And health with sport em-brace, And health with sport am -



horn; Then a - hunt - ing we will go, a - hunt - ing we will
sky; Then a - hunt - ing we will go, a - hunt - ing we will
brace; Then a - hunt - ing we will go, a - hunt - ing we will



go, A - hunt - ing we will go, . . a - hunt - ing we will go!

BLUFF AUTUMN

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. Bluff Au - tumn is a fel - low Who wears a mot - ley coat
2. He's heart - y, rough and jol - ly, He's fond of sport and play,
3. Some - times in bois - terous hu - mor, He buf - fets us a - bout,
4. He makes the tall trees quiv - er, He makes the dead leaves run,



Of red and green and yel - low, Well wor - thy of our note,
He laughs at mel - an - chol - y, And blows it far a - way,
But though a noi - sy fum - er, There's fro - lic in his shout,
He ruf - fles up the riv - er, But does it all in fun,



Of red and green and yel - low, Well wor - thy of our note.
He laughs at mel - an - chol - y, And blows it far a - way.
But though a noi - sy fum - er, There's fro - lic in his shout.
He ruf - fles up the riv - er, But does it all in fun.

OH WHO WOULD LEAVE

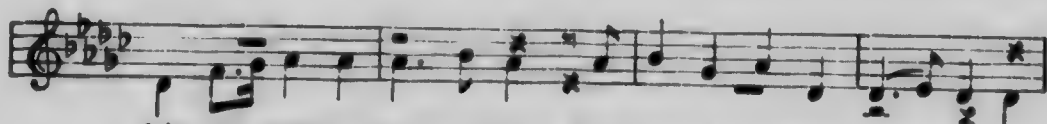
Music from Il Puritani



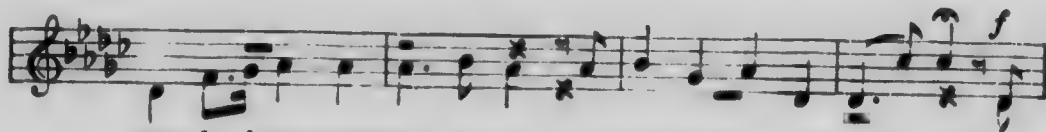
1. Oh! who would leave his native land To wan-der, care-less wheth-er His
2. As Time, who rules each passing scene, Shall bring us pain or pleasure, The



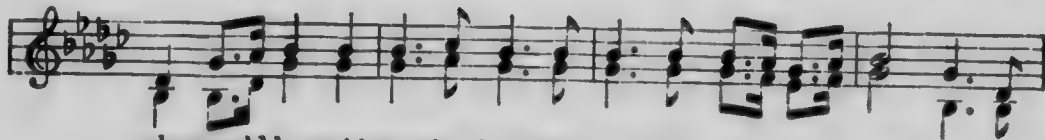
slow re-turn-ing feet may stand A - gain on na-tive heath-er? No
mem-'ry of the hill-side green The com-ing years shall treas-ure; And



fair-er hills can hom-age know, Than those we cherish dear-ly. For
thus, though joy or sor-row rise, Till life's best ties are end-ed, The



ear-ly hopes still firm-er grow In hearts that love sin-cere-ly. Oh!
love of home we dear-ly prize Shall ev-er be de-fend-ed. As



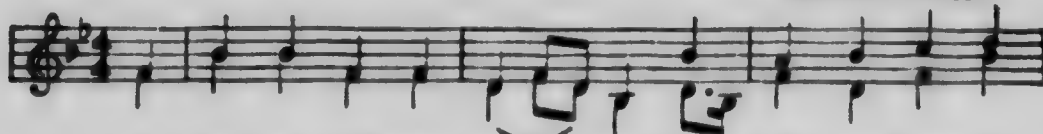
who would leave his na-tive land To wan-der, care-less wheth-er His
Time, who rules each passing scene, Shall bring us pain or pleas-ure, The



slow re-turn-ing feet may stand A - gain on na-tive heath-er?
mem-'ry of the hill-side green The com-ing years shall treas-ure.

I LOVE MY NATIVE COUNTRY

GERMAN MELODY



1. I love my na - tive coun - try And all its scenes so
 2. But with a warm - er feel - ing. With ec - sta - sy of
 3. For thee, O home so hap - py. My pray'r shall still a -



dear, . . And all its scenes so dear; I glo - ry in its
 sight, . . With ec - sta - sy of sight, That spot is ev - er
 rise, . . My pray'r shall still a - rise. May Heav'n from harm de -



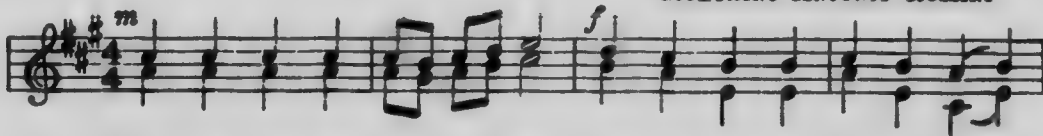
moun-tains, Its bright and spark - ling foun-tains, Its
 greet-ed, In ver - dant val - ley seat-ed, Where
 fend thee And con - stant bless - ings send thee From



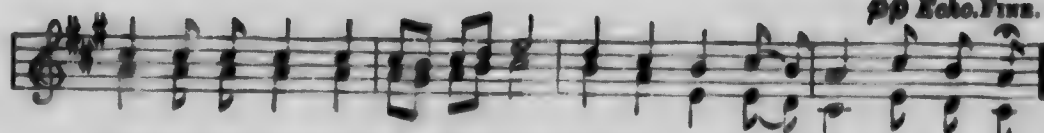
lakes so calm and clear, Its lakes so calm and clear.
 first I saw the light, Where first I saw the light.
 kind and sun - ny skies, From kind and sun - ny skies.

UP THE HILLS

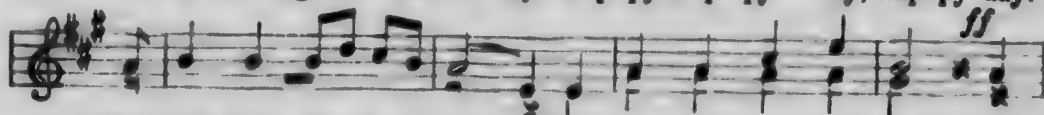
GIOACHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI



1. Up the hills this sun - ny morn, Voi - ces clear as bu - gle horn,
 2. Now thro' sha - dy vale and grove, Oh, so hap - py, hap - py rove.

pp Fato. Fine.

List to the ech - oes as they flow, Here we go, here we go, here we go!
 List to the songster's cheerful lay, Hap - py, hap - py day, hap - py day.



Come, fol - low, fol - low me, We'll come, we'll come with glee. Hur -



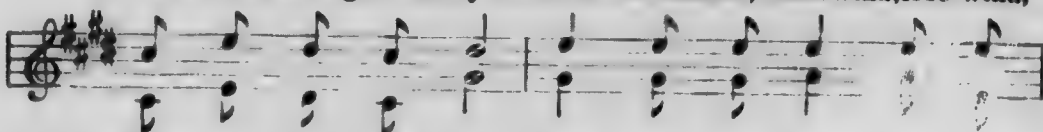
rah! hur - rah! we're free! We'll fol - low, fol - low thee.

LOUD WIND STRONG WIND

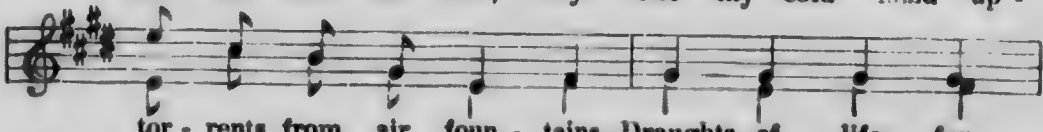
GERMAN MELODY



1. Loud wind, strong wind, blowing from the mountain, Fresh wind, free wind,
2. Wild wind, bold wind, like a northern gi - ant, Clear wind, cold wind,
3. Loud wind, strong wind, stay thou in the mountains, Fresh wind, free wind,



sweep - ing o'er the sea, Pour forth thy vi - al
 driv - en from thy lair, Thrill - ing the black night with
 trou - ble not the sea; Lay not thy cold hand up -



tor - rents from air foun - tains, Draughts of life for
 aw - ful voice de - si - ant, I will meet thee
 on my heart's life - foun - tains, On thy jour - ney



me.	Hur - rah,	hur - rah,	hur - rah,	hur - rah!
there.	Hur - rah,	hur - rah,	hur - rah,	hur - rah!
free.	Hur - rah,	hur - rah,	hur - rah,	hur - rah!

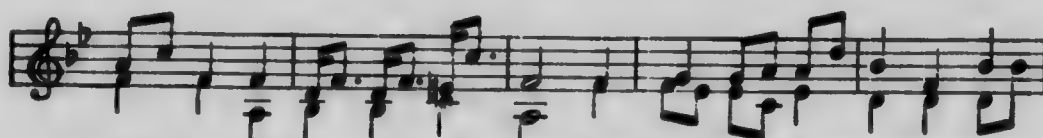
THE CLEAR MORNING BREAKS

Con spirito

FRENCH MELODY



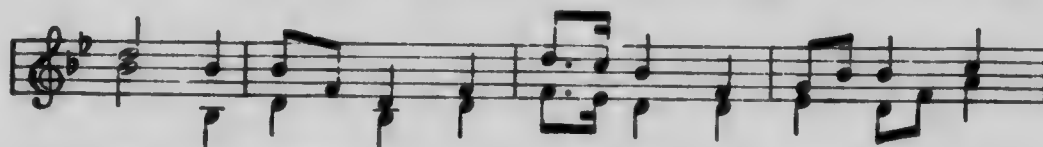
1. The clear morning breaks, The clear morn-ing breaks, Come out, O com-
2. The woodlands are fair, The wood-lands are fair, We leap to the
3. To-day we are free, To-day we are free, No dark-ness or



pan-ions, with mer-ri-est song, Thro' for-est, o'er mea-dow, the
breez-es by blos-soms made sweet, We're wakeful and strong, and our
dan-ger shall trou-ble our feet, The oaks we will climb and the



val-ley a-long; The birds are sa-lut-ing the sun-shine so
footsteps are fleet; The town is be-hind us with toils it may
clouds we will greet; No sum-mit so steep that our steps may not



gay; Our hearts are as light and as joy-ous as
bring, The sky is a-bove us, the heav-ens of
scale, A-loft we will shout in our tri-umph, All



they, Our hearts are as light and as joy-ous as they.
spring, The sky is a-bove us, the heav-ens of spring.
hail! A-loft we will shout in our tri-umph, All hail!

SOFTLY SIGHS THE BREEZE

GERMAN MELODY

Moderato

1. Soft-ly sighs the sum-mer breeze
2. Birds of song their voi-ces lend
3. All around is bright and fair,

Thro' the green and leaf-y
With the sigh-ing breeze to
Earth is clothed in beau-ty



summer breeze
voi-ces lend
bright and fair,



trees,	Warbling mu-sic soft and	low,
blend;	Bright-hued flow-ers, sweet and	gay,
rare;	Flow-ers bloom and breez-es	play



leaf-y trees,	soft and low,
breeze to blend;	sweet and gay,
beau-ty rare;	breez-es play



As the murm-'ring brook-let's	flow.
Smile a-long our lone-ly	way.
On this love-ly ver-nal	day.



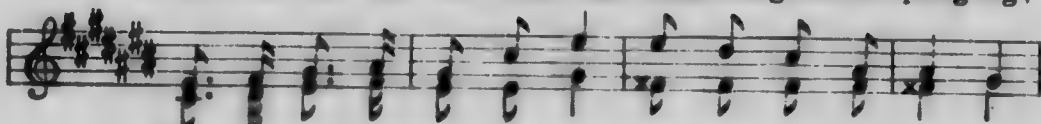
the murm-'ring brooklet's flow.
a-long our lone-ly way.
this love-ly ver-nal day.

ON THE GREENSWARD

C. H. Scott

Allegretto

1. On the greensward falls the rain, Buds and blossoms bring-ing;
 2. Thro' the for-est far and wide Leaf-lots green are spring-ing;



Sum-mer days have come a - gain, Sum-mer birds are sing-ing.
 Me - sic sweet from tree and rill Ev - 'ry-where is ring-ing.



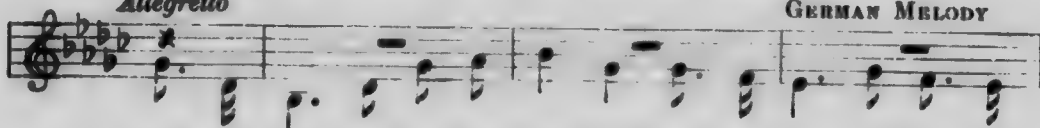
Light - ly shout the lay, Chant the mer-ry lay,



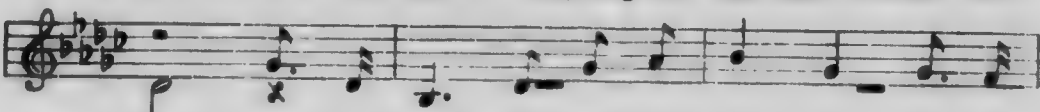
Sing - ing, wing-ing, Flit-ting, like the birds, a - way!

HEAR THE WARBLING NOTES

GERMAN MELODY

Allegretto

1. Hear the warb-ling notes of spring-time From the gay and cheer-ful
 2. Hear the ech - oes gai-ly ring-ing Far and near o'er hill and



throng; Ev - 'ry voice is filled with glad - ness, Let us
 dale; Let us join them with our sing-ing, Send-ing



join their hap - py, hap - py song. La la la la la la la la
 out our songs on ev - 'ry gale. La la la la la la la la



la la la, Hear the echoes so gai-ly ringing, La la la la la la la

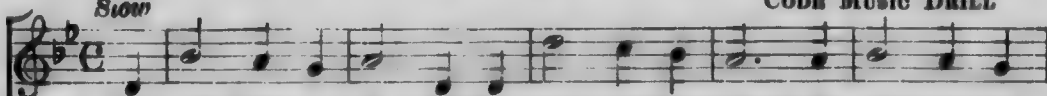


la la la la la la la la la la la la.

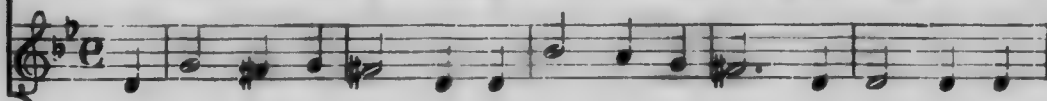
THE SAD LEAVES ARE DYING

Slow

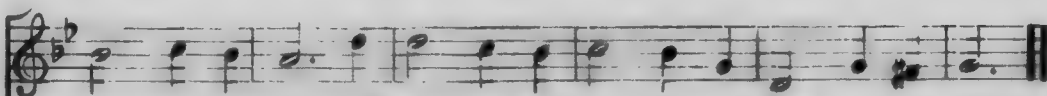
CODE MUSIC DRILL



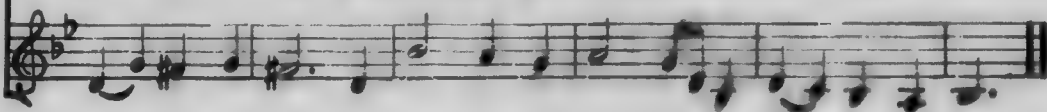
1. The sad leaves are dy - ing, the sweet birds have flown, My play-mates of
2. My fond hopes are dy - ing, my loved ones have flown, The friends of my



sum-mer have left me a - lone; O'er ev - 'ry fair blos - som once
child-hood have left me a - lone; But oh in the dis - tance a



bloom - ing and bright, The frost spi - rit lays her cold fin - gers to - night.
fair land I see, Where those I have treasured are wait - ing for me!

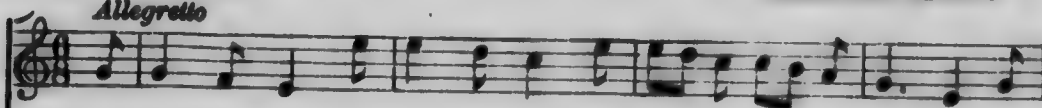


O BLOOMING SPRING

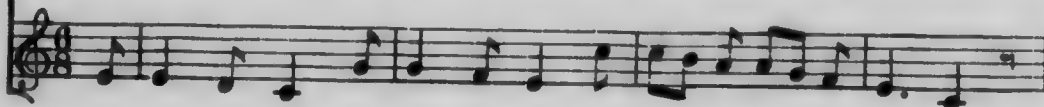
A. J. FOXWELL

Allegretto

FRIEDRICH SILCHER



1. O bloom-ing Spring, O blooming Spring, With all my heart I love thee ! For
2. O Sum - mer time, O Sum- mer time, With all my heart I love thee ! For
3. O Au-tumn brown, O Au-tumn brown, With all my heart I love thee ! For
4. O Win - ter old, O Win - ter old, With all my heart I love thee ! For



per-fume sweet and col - ors gay And ver-dure fresh shall deck the May. O
wav-ing corn sa - lutes the breeze And lus-cious fruits a - dorn the trees. O
va - ried tints will clothe the wood And plen - ty yield its stores of good. O
sparkling snow and spor-tive ice. And Christmas cheer the tho'ts en-tice. O

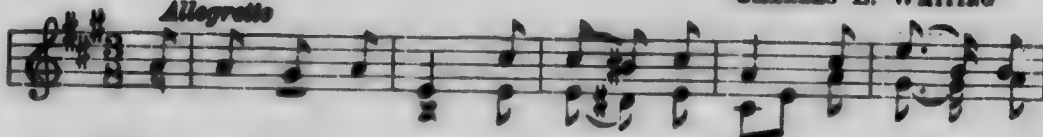


bloom-ing Spring, on shin-ing wing, With all my heart I love thee!
 Sum - mer time, O Sum-mer time, With all my heart I love thee!
 Au-tumn brown of rich re-nown, With all my heart I love thee!
 Win - ter old, though sharp and cold, With all my heart I love thee!



UP UP LET US GREET

CHARLES E. WHITING

Allegretto

1. Up, up! let us greet The sea-son so sweet, For win-ter is
 2. All down in the grove, A - round, a - bove, Sweet mu - sic



gone, And the flow-ers are springing And lit - tle birds singing, Their
 floats, As now loud - ly vy - ing. Now soft - ly sigh-ing, The



soft notes ring - ing, And bright is the sun. Where all was
 night-in-gale's ply - ing Her tune - ful notes, And joy-ous at



drest In a snow - y vest, There grass is grow-ing With
 spring Her com-pan - ions sing. Up, maidens, re - pair To the

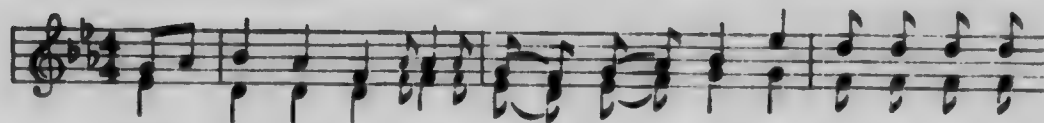


dew - drops glowing, And flow-ers are seen On beds of green.
 mead - ows fair, And dance we a - way This mer - ry May!

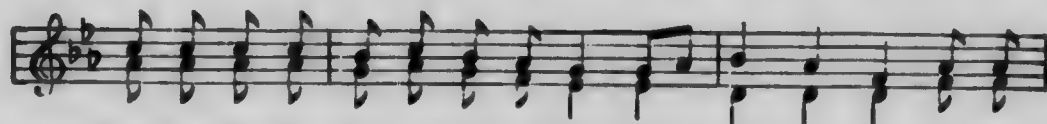


WITH LAUGH AND SONG

GERMAN MELODY



1. With laugh and song we bound a - long, A mer-ry mak-ing,
2. Here's a sparkling stream, where the sun's bright gleam So light-ly danc-ing,
3. Bid care away on this hap-py, hap-py day, And loud-ly sing-ing,



pleas-ure tak-ing, hap-py, hap-py throng; Our hearts as gay as this
gai-ly glanc-ing, like a jew-el's beam, And the lark's wild note from its
pleas-ure bring-ing, with our joy-ous lay, In leaf-y bow'rs 'mid the



bright sun-ny day. With laughing let us make the hills re-sound. Then
swell-ing throat, With mock-ing ech-oes back the joy-ful sound. Then
bloom-ing flow'rs, We'll wan-der 'neath the pleasant summer sky. Then



ha, ha, laugh-ing gai-ly, ha, ha, ha, laugh a - gain, ha, ha,



ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Then ha, ha, laugh-ing gai-ly,

cres.



ha, ha, ha, With laugh-ing let us make the hills re-sound.

LITTLE INMATE FULL OF MIRTH

COWPER

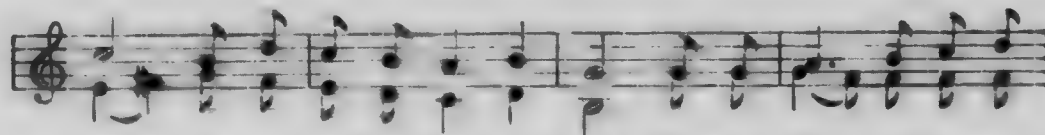
ARTHUR WHITING



1. Lit - tle in - mate full of mirth, Chirp-ing on my kitch-en
 2. Nei-ther night nor dawn of day Puts a pe-riod to thy



hearth, Where-so-e'er be thine a - bode Al - ways har-bin - ger of
 lay; Sing then, and ex - tend thy span Far be-yond the date of



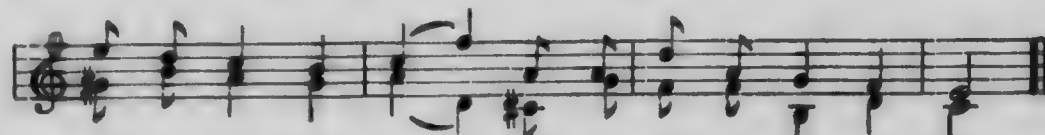
good, Al - ways har - bin - ger of good, Pay me for thy warm re -
 man, Far be - yond the date of man. Wretched man, whose years are



treat With a song more soft and sweet, With a song more soft and
 spent In re - pin - ing dis - con - tent, In re - pin - ing dis - con -



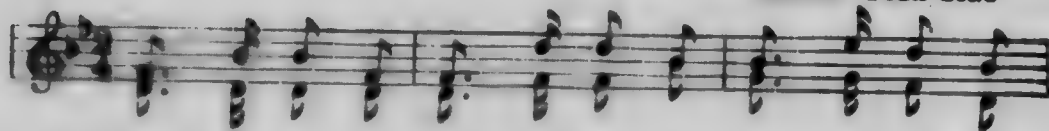
sweet; In re - turn thou shalt re - ceive Such a
 tent, Lives not, a - ged though he be, Half a



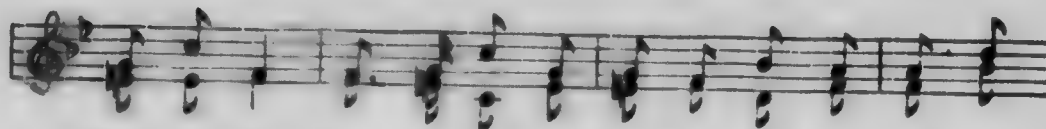
strain as I can give, Such a strain as I can give.
 span com-pared with thee, Half a span com-pared with thee.

LO THE SUN

GERMAN FOLK SONG



1. Lo! the sun is o'er the hill - top, Lo! the morn - ing
 2. There the thrash - er bids good mor - row, Lean - ing on his
 3. 'Tis the i - dle that grow wea - ry; Gai - ly rings each



break - eth clear; Mer - ry sounds of mirth and la - bor Wak - en
 rea - dy toil, To the milk - maid as she com - eth, Pois - ing
 bus - y sound; 'Tis a pleas - ure to be ac - tive, There's a



in the farm yard near. There the cock sits on the barn door,
 on her head her pail. With his spade a - cross his shoul - der,
 joy in la - bor found! And I feel my blood run free - er,



Crow - ing mer - ri - ly and loud, While his crim - son
 To the field the work - man goes, While the watch dog,
 For I own it kind and good That to man this

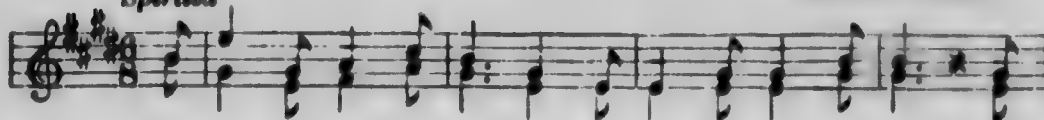


feath - ers glit - ter As he shakes his pin - ions proud.
 his work o - ver, Seeks the hay - loft for re - pose.
 law was giv - en, He must work to win his food.

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE

Spirited

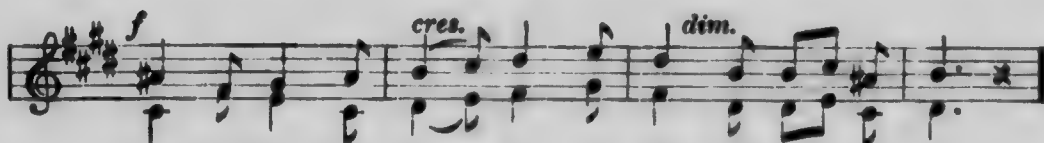
GERMAN MELODY



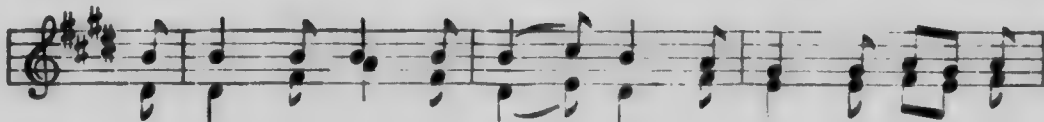
1. I love the mer-ry sun-shine, It makes the heart so gay; I
 2. I love the mer-ry sun-shine, I love the morn-ing hour That



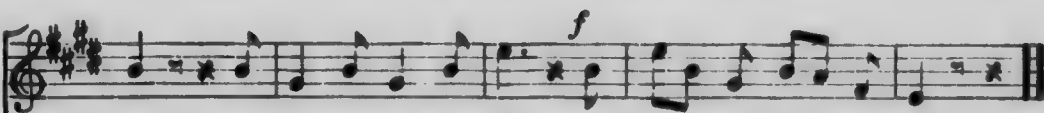
love to hear the birds sing Their gladsome round-e-lay. The
 marks the day's faint break-ing And greets each open-ing flow'r. It



wild-wood laughs at sad-ness And stirs each bush and tree.
 charms the soul in sad-ness, It sets the spir-it free.



The sun-shine is all glad-ness; The mer-ry sun for



me, The mer-ry sun for me, The mer-ry sun for me

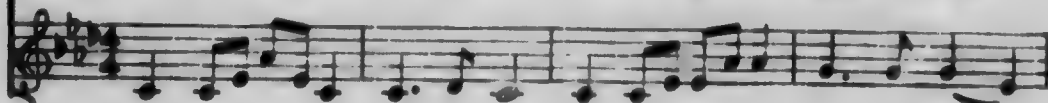


WHEN FAIR LUNA

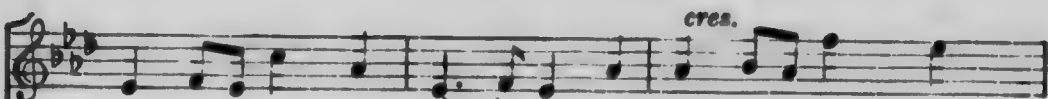
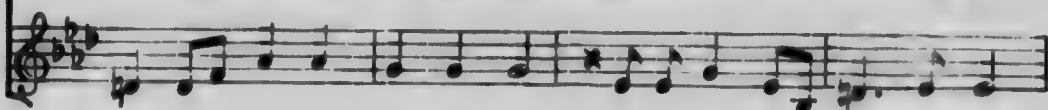
LESLIE DUNBAR

Andante

1. When fair Lu - na fills the skies With her pure and sil - v'ry light,
 2. Guard our fa - thers on the seas Thro' the dark and storm - y night;



When the chil - dren's voi - ces rise Blend - ing with the shades of night,
 Spare our moth - ers, on their knees Watch - ing for the morn - ing light.



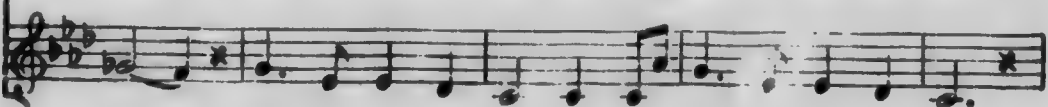
Hear, oh, hear the chil - dren, O Thou who rul'st on

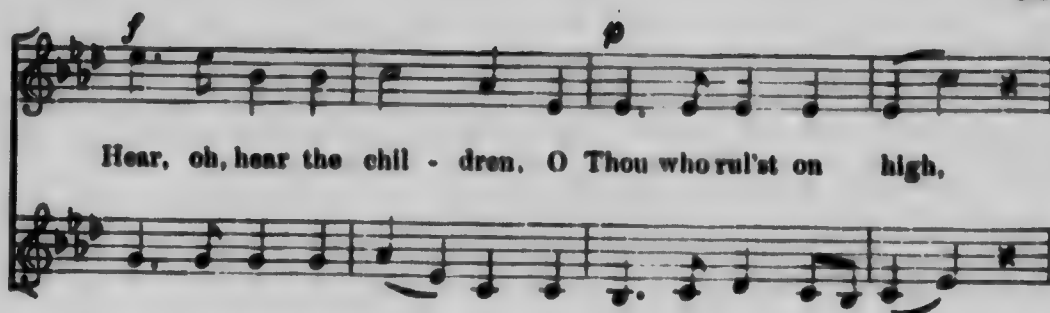


Thou who rul'st on



high, Hear our sim - ple voi - ces, O Lord of earth and sky.





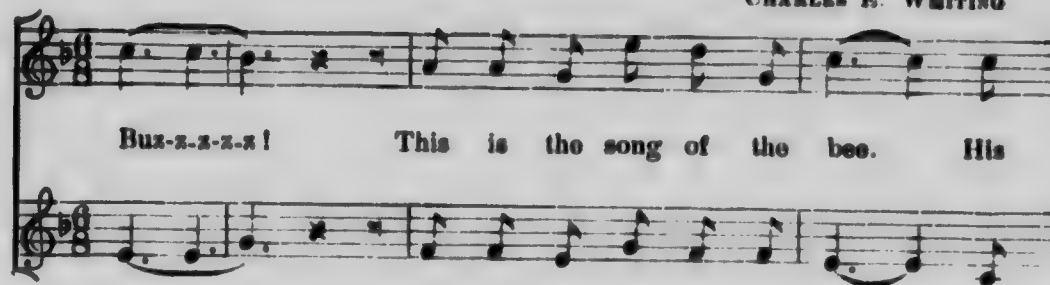
f Hear, oh, hear the chil - dren, *p* O Thou who rul'st on high,



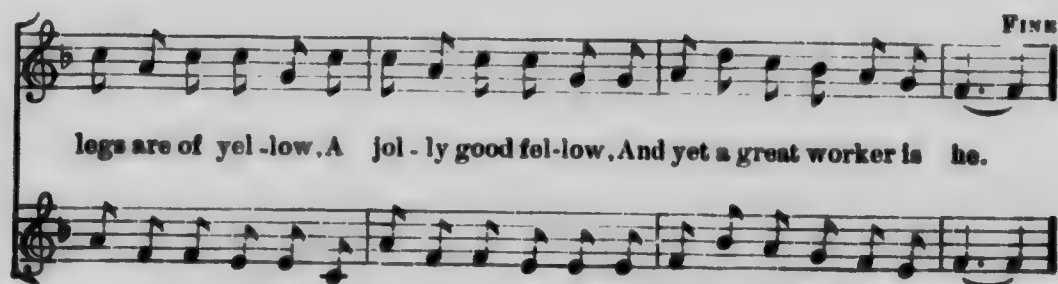
f Hear our sim - ple voi - ces, *rit.* O Lord of earth and sky.

BUZ BUZ BUZ

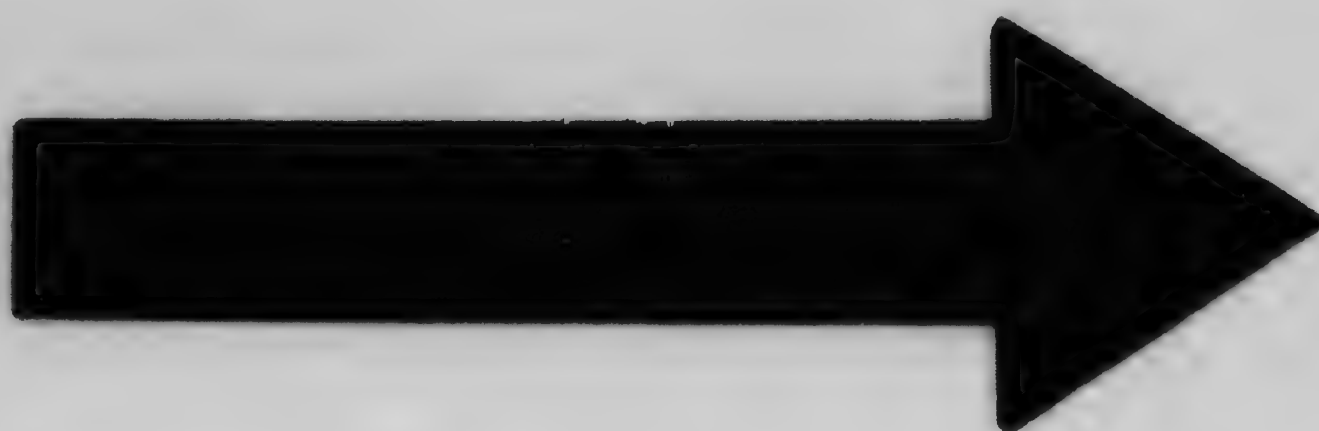
CHARLES E. WHITING



Buz-z-z-z! This is the song of the bee. His

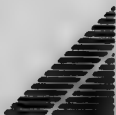
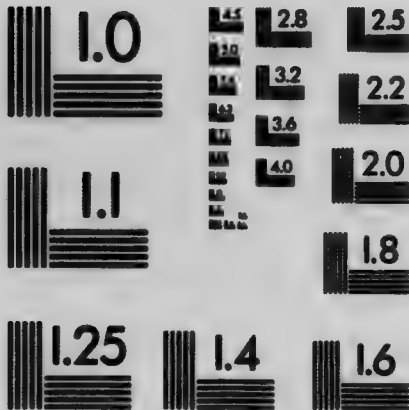


legs are of yel - low, A jol - ly good fel - low, And yet a great worker is he. **FINE**



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

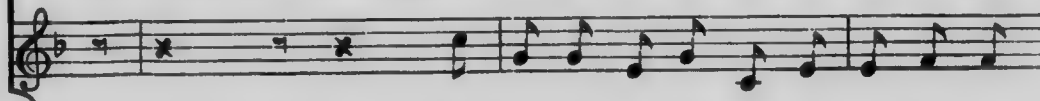


APPLIED IMAGE Inc

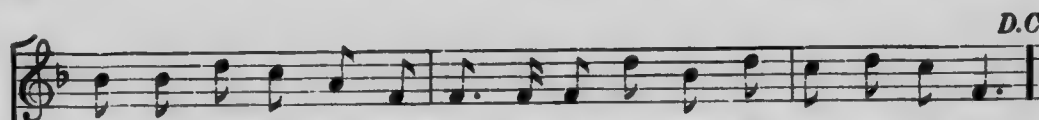
1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 288-5989 - Fax



1. In days that are sun - ny He's get-ting his hon - ey; In days that are
2. The sweet smelling clo - ver He, humming, hangs o - ver; The scent of the
3. From morning's first gray light Till fad-ing the day-light, He's sing-ing and

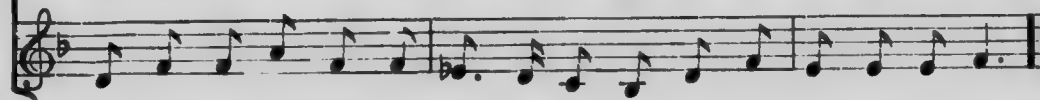


cloud - y He's mak-ing his wax; On pinks and on li - lies, And
ro - ses Make fra-grant his wings. He nev - er gets la - zy; From
toil - ing The sum-mer day through. Oh! we may get wea - ry And



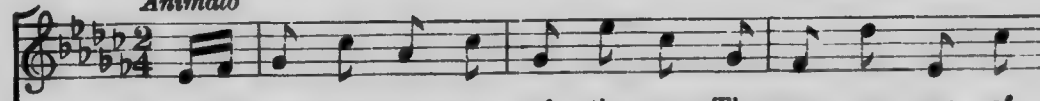
D.C.

gay daf - fo - dil - lies, And col - umbine blos - soms, He lev - ies a tax.
this - tle or dai - sy, And weeds of the mead - ow, Some treasure he brings.
think work is drear - y; 'Tis hard - er by far to Have noth - ing to do.



HAIL BEAUTEOUS STRANGER

GERMAN MELODY

Animato

1. Hail, beau-teous stran-ger of the grove, Thou mes - sen - ger of
2. De - light - ful vis - it - ant, with thee I hail the time of



spring; Now Heav'n renews thy rest-ing-place And woods thy wel-come
flow'rs, And hear the sound of mu-sic sweet From birds a-mong the

sing.
bowers.

sing, And woods thy welcome sing, And woods thy wel-come sing. What
bowers, From birds a-mong the bow'rs, From birds a-mong the bow'rs. Sweet

the dai - sy thy bow'r is thy voice we is ev - er

time the dai - sy decks the green Thy cer-tain voice we
bird, thy bow'r is ev - er green, Thy sky is ev - er

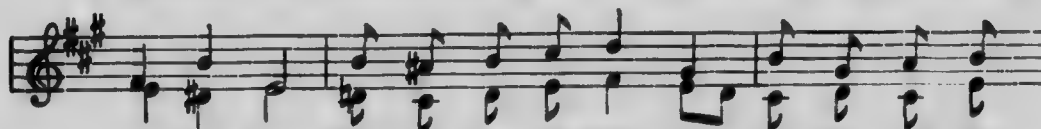
hear. Hast thou a star to guide thy path And mark the rolling year?
clear; Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, No win-ter in thy year.

SPIRIT OF SUMMER

GERMAN MELODY



1. Spir - it of sum - mer, Spir - it of sum - mer, O - ver the smil - ing
 2. Sing - ing thy wel - come, Sing - ing thy wel - come, List to the song - birds'

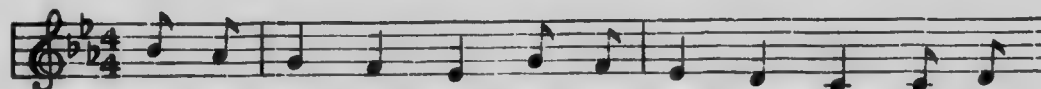


earth she hies, Bring - ing gen - tle show - ers, Scat - ter - ing the
 thrill - ing chime; Mer - ri - ly they greet thee, Joy - ful - ly they



flow - ers, Where - so - e'er her beau - teous foot - step flies.
 meet thee, Spir - it of the hap - py sum - mer time.

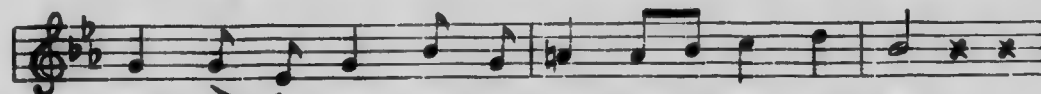
O A GOODLY THING



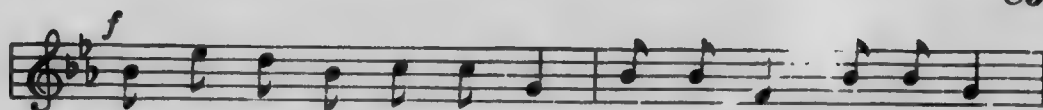
1. O a good - ly thing is the cool - ing spring By the
 2. And as pure as heav'n is the wa - ter giv'n And the
 3. O I love to drink from its foam - ing brink Of the



rock where the moss doth grow; There is health in the tide, And there's
 stream is for - ev - er new; 'Tis dis - till'd in the And it
 bub - bling, the cool - ing spring, For the drops that shall be



mu - sic be - side, In the brook - let's bound - ing flow.
 drops from on high In the show'r and gen - tle dew.
 ev - er mine, And its praise, its praise I'll sing.



Mer - ry, mer - ry lit - tle spring, spar - kle on, spar - kle on,



Mer - ry, mer - ry lit - tle spring, spar - kle on for me.

BEAUTIFUL MORNING

F. FORREST



1. Beau - ti - ful morn-ing the au - tumn a - dorn - ing, Oc - to - ber is

2. Let us be stray-ing, no time for de - lay - ing, Oc - to - ber is



pleas-ant as May; Long tho' the shadows thrown o - ver the meadows, The

pleas-ant as May; Nuts we will gath-er to cheer win-try weath-er, A -



for-ests are ro - sy and gay. Mer - ri - ly birds are now fill - ing the
way to the for-ests, a - way! Cheer-ful - ly squirrels are chirp-ing in



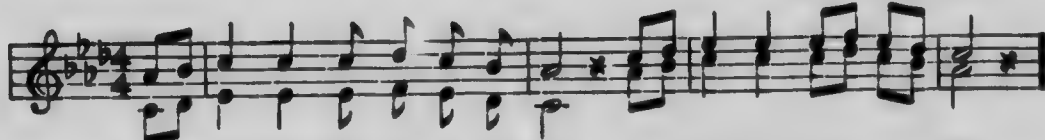
air with their trilling, Let us be as joy - ful as they. Fling a - way
time with our tripping, They of-fer to show us the way. Fling a - way



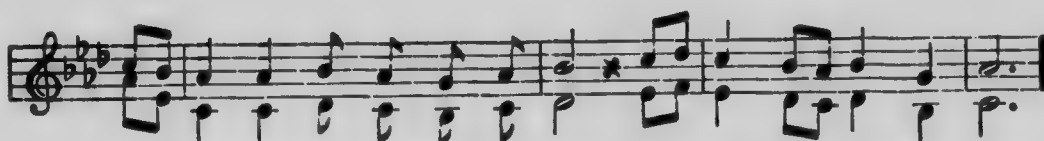
sor-row Nor grieve for the morrow, Oc - to - ber is pleas-ant as May.

THE LOVELIEST TIME

GERMAN MELODY



1. The love-liest time of all the year Is sweet and sun - ny May;
2. The gales that fan the garden bow'rs, While passing on their way,
3. 'Tis then the songsters of the grove Pour forth their joy - ful lay
4. To crown our mer - ry May-day queen, We'll weave a gar - land gay



'Tis then the flow'rs be-deck the fields With col - ors bright and gay.
 Are la - den with a sweet per-fume Of flowers of love - ly May.
 In sweet-est notes of mel - o - dy, To cheer us on our way.
 Of flow - ers sweet and love - ly hued, Ere they shall fade a - way.

cres.

Then flowers of May, Oh has - ten on your way! Your
 Then flowers of May, Oh has - ten on your way! Your
 Then songsters of May, Oh has - ten on your way! Your
 Then flowers of May, Oh has - ten on your way! Your

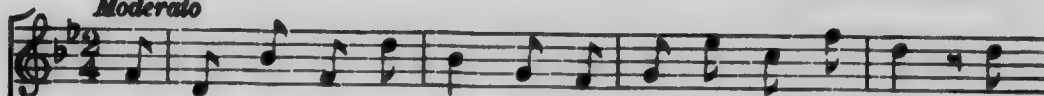
cres.

col - ors bright are our de - light, When the win - ter's passed a - way.
 col - ors bright are our de - light, When the win - ter's passed a - way.
 mu - sic sweet we love to greet, When the win - ter's passed a - way.
 col - ors bright are our de - light, When the win - ter's passed a - way.

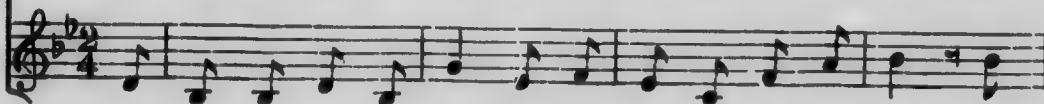


IN YONDER PEACEFUL VALLEY

CARL WILHELM

Moderato

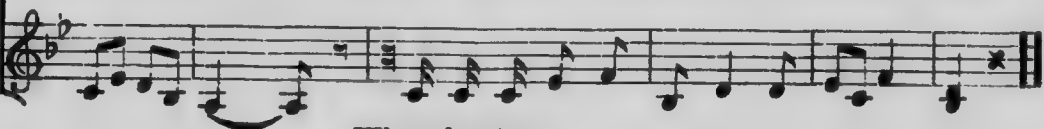
1. In yon-der peace-ful val - ley, Just fring'd by leaf - y screen, When
2. For there is found the dwell-ing Which sheltered me from birth. There
3. Yet though I thus en- fold thee In memory's sa - cred shrine, No



leap - ing wa - ters sal - ly From for-ests green, There's a spot to me Ev - er
 ev - 'ry scene is tell-ing Of youthful mirth; Ev - 'ry sha - dy nook Has a
 more shall I be-hold thee In beau-ty shine. From my na-tive home I am



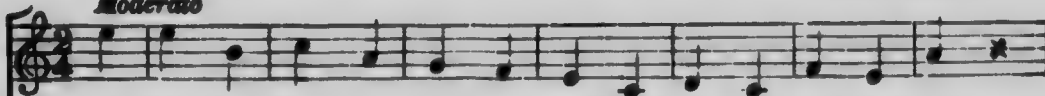
dear will be, Where leap - ing wa - ters sal - ly From for-ests green.
 friend - ly look; There ev - 'ry scene is tell-ing Of youthful mirth.
 doomed to roam, No more shall I be-hold thee In beau-ty shine.



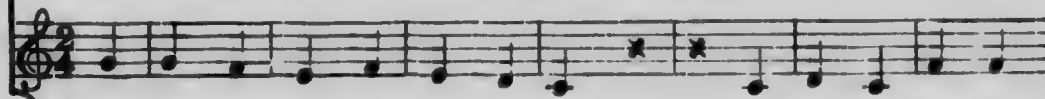
Where leaping
 There ev-'ry
 No more shall

TO HIM FROM WHOM

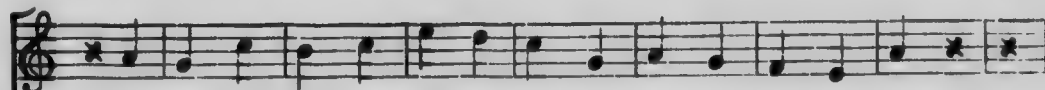
JOHN HULLAN

Moderato

1. To Him from Whom all bless-ings flow, Who all our wants sup-plies,
2. 'Twas Thou Who led the pil - grim band A - cross the storm - y sea;
3. When shiv'ring on a strand un-known In sick-ness and dis-tress,
4. Be Thou our na - tion's strength and shield, In manhood as in youth.



Who all our wants sup -
A - cross the storm-y
In sick-ness and dis -
In man-hood as in



This day the cho - ral song and vow From grateful hearts shall rise,
'Twas Thou Who stay'd the tyrant's hand And set our coun - try free,
Our fa - thers looked to God a - lone, To save, pro - tect and bless,
Thine arm for our pro - tec - tion wield And guide us by Thy truth,



plies,
sea;
tress,
youth,

From grateful hearts shall rise,
And set our coun - try free,
To save, pro - tect and bless,
And guide us by Thy truth,

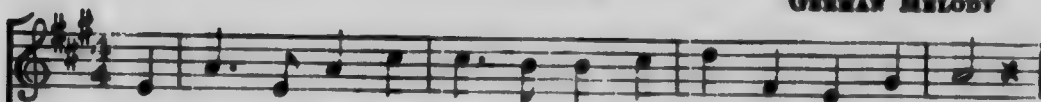


This day the cho - ral song and vow From grate - ful hearts shall rise.
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Our fa - thers looked to God a - lone, To save, pro - tect and bless.
Thine arm for our pro - tec - tion wield And guide us by Thy truth.

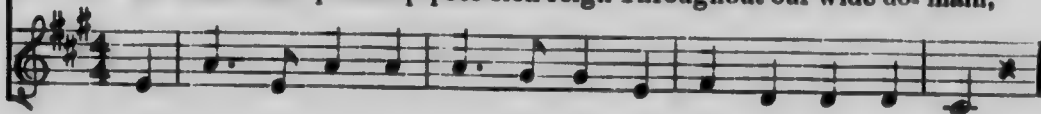


AWAKE

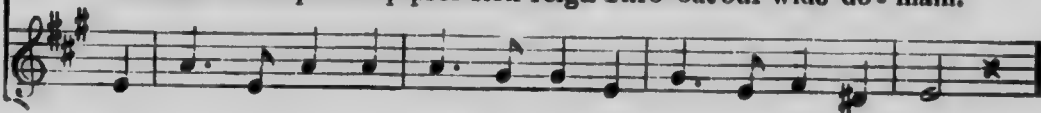
GERMAN MELODY



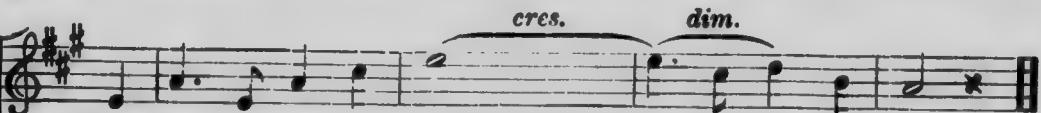
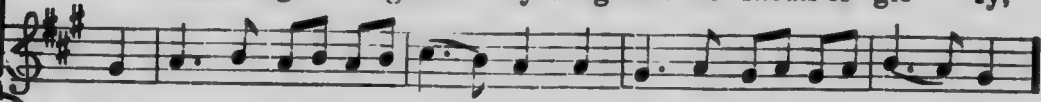
1. A - wake, and let your songs re-sound, For free-dom here is found!
2. Let rocks and hills and val - leys ring, While grateful praise we bring.
3. No more shall proud op-pres-sion reign Throughout our wide do - main,



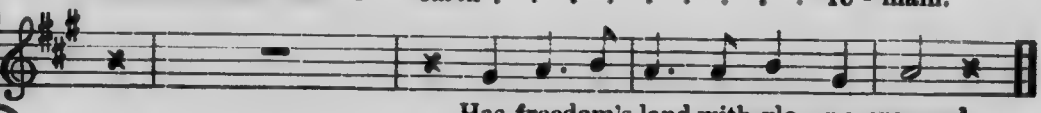
A - wake, and let your songs resound, For free - dom here is found!
 Let rocks and hills and val-leys ring, While grate-ful praise we bring.
 No more shall proud op-pres-sion reign Thro'-out our wide do - main.



cres. *dim.*
 The bat - tle strife is end - ed, And peace with conquest blend - ed
 To Him, the bounteous giv - er, Be glo - ry now and ev - er,
 Let freedom's glad-'ning sto - ry Ring loud in shouts of glo - ry,

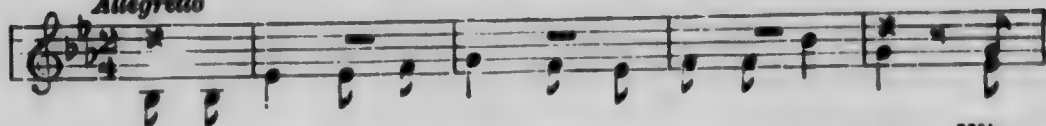


cres. *dim.*
 Has free-dom's land with glo - - - - - ry crowned.
 While heart can feel or voice can sing.
 While time shall last or earth re - main.



Has freedom's land with glo - ry crowned.
 While heart can feel or voice can sing.
 While time shall last or earth re - main.

WILL YOU COME TO THE WOOD.

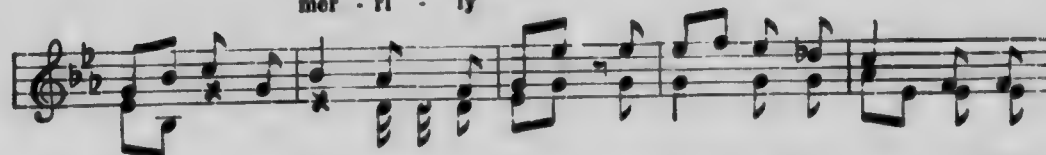
Allegretto

1. Will you come to the wood where the ev - er-greens grow, Whose
2. We will sit by the rill as it joy - ous - ly gleams Like
3. Come, then, haste to the wood where the ev - er-greens grow, Whose

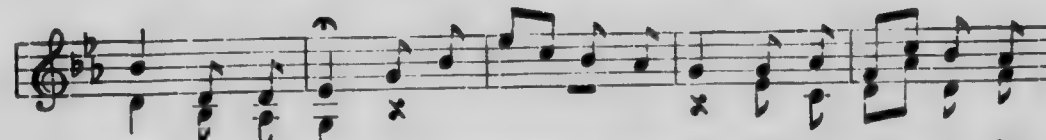


leaves drink the dew and de - cay nev - er know? We will qui - et - ly
 jew - els that shine in the sun's glar - ing beams, Where it dan - ces a -
 leaves drink the dew and de - cay nev - er know; There we'll qui - et - ly

mer - ri - ly
 ju - bi - lant
 mer - ri - ly



chat, and we'll mer - ri - ly sing, And drink of the wa - ter that
 long on its ju - bi - lant way, And ev - er finds wel - come wher -
 chat, and we'll mer - ri - ly sing, And drin' of the wa - ter that



flows from the spring. Will you come to the wood, will you come to the
 e'er it may stray. Will you come to the wood, will you come to the
 flows from the spring. Will you come to the wood, will you come to the

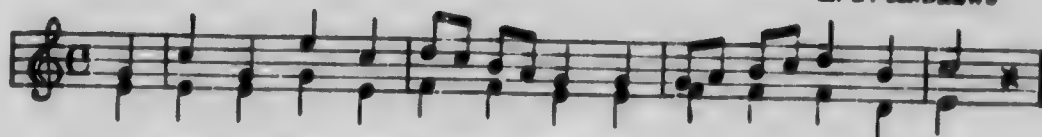


wood, Will you come, will you come, will you come to the wood?

OH WE ARE MERRY MOUNTAINEERS

95

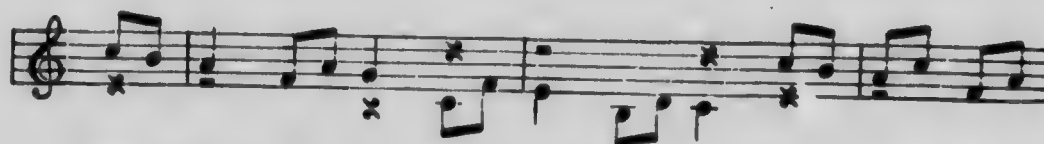
E. P. ANDREWS



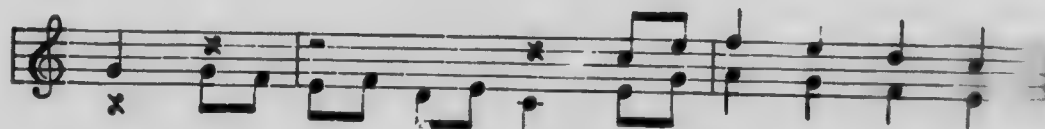
1. Oh, we are mer-ry mountain-eers And have no vex-ing fears,
2. Up - ris-ing with the ear - ly morn, We wind the mel-low horn,
3. Oh, who would leave the mountain air And scenes so bright and fair?



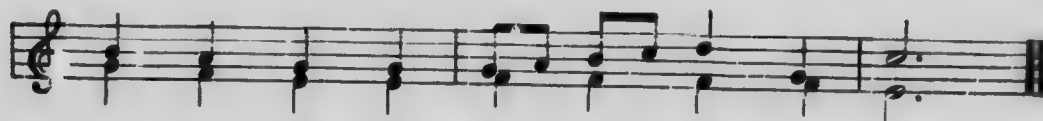
We dwell be-neath the dark blue sky, 'Mid scenes that nev - er die.
Then with the shep-herd maid - ens fair, We to the fields re - pair.
No home in towns how - ev - er great Can with our homes com-pare.



We laugh and joke, We laugh and joke, We dance and



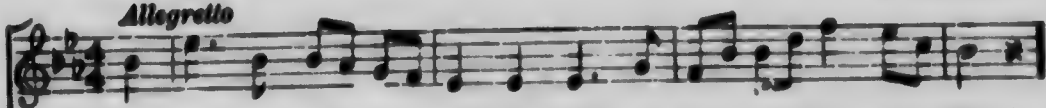
sing, We dance and sing, And make with mirth the



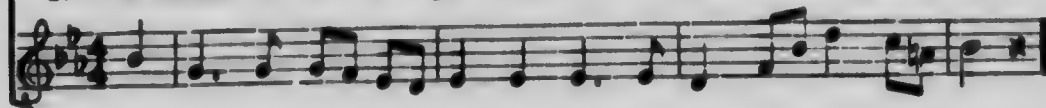
wel - kin ring, And make the wel - kin ring.

RING OUT RING OUT

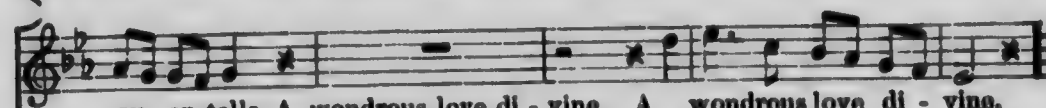
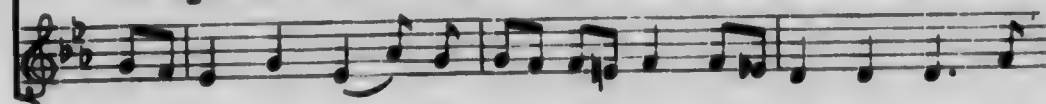
J. LOGAN

Allegretto

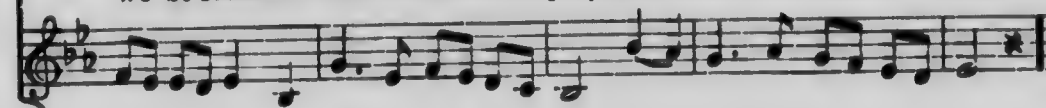
1. Ring out, ring out, sweet sil-ver bells, A joy - ous, joy - ous chime!
 2. Twice bless-ed is the glorious sound Now pealing through the air.



Your wel-come mu - sic ev - er tells, Your wel-come mu - sic
 With grate-ful hearts may we be found, With grate-ful hearts may

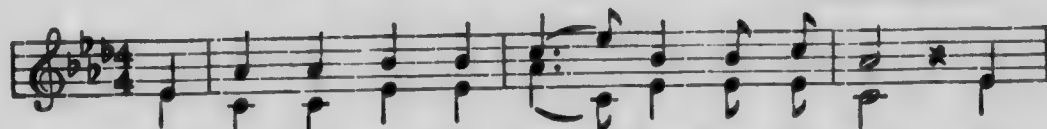


ev - er tells A wondrous love di - vine, A wondrous love di - vine.
 we be found In God's own house of prayer, In God's own house of prayer.



OF LATE SO BRIGHTLY

ITALIAN MELODY



1. Of late so bright - ly glow - ing, Love - ly rose, We
 2. The bl at so rude - ly blow - ing, Love - ly rose, Thy
 3. No sh'ning dew of morn - ing, Love - ly rose, Thy



here be - held thee grow - ing, Love - ly rose. Thou
 ten - der form o'er - flow - ing, Love - ly rose, A
 in - fant buds a - dorn - ing, Love - ly rose, To



seem'dst some an - gel's care, Sum - mer's breath was warm a -
las! hath laid thee low. 'Mid thy pet - a' free ly
thee shall day re - store. Zeph - yrs soft that late ca -



round thee, Sum - mer's beam with beau - ty crown'd thee
shed - ding, En - vious weeds with branch - es spread - ing
re - cess'd thee, Eve - ning shades that part - ing bless'd thee,



So sweet - ly fair. Thou seem'dst some an - gel's
Un - kind - ly grow. A - las! thou art laid
Re - turn no more. No day can thee re -



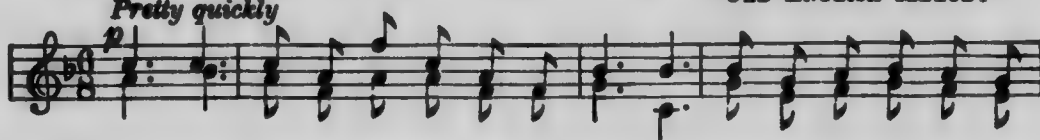
Sum - mer's breath was warm a - round thee,
'Mid thy pet - als free - ly shed - ding,
store; Zeph - yrs soft that late ca - re - cess'd thee,



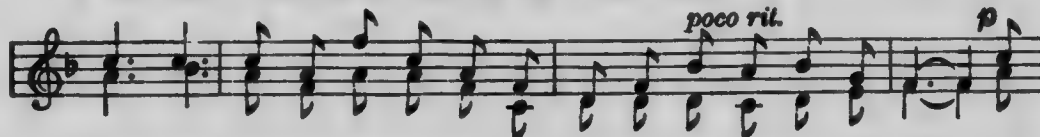
Sum - mer's beam with beau - ty crown'd thee So sweet - ly fair.
En - vious weeds with branch - es spread - ing Un - kind - ly grow.
Eve - ning shades that part - ing bless'd thee, Re - turn no more.

OH DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE

OLD ENGLISH MELODY

Pretty quickly

1. Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear! dear! what can the mat-ter be?
2. Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear! dear! what can the mat-ter be?



Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He
 Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He



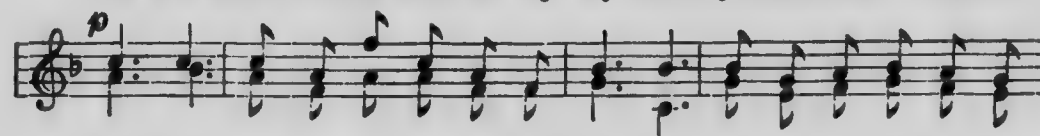
prom-ised to buy me a fair-ing should please me, And then for a smile,
 prom-ised to bring me a bas-ket of po-sies, A gar-land of lil-
 cres.



Oh! he vow'd he would tease me; He prom-ised he'd bring me a
 ies, a gar-land of ros-es, A lit-tle straw hat to set



bunch of blue rib-bons To tie up my bon-ny brown hair. And it's
 off the blue rib-bons That tie up my bon-ny brown hair. And it's



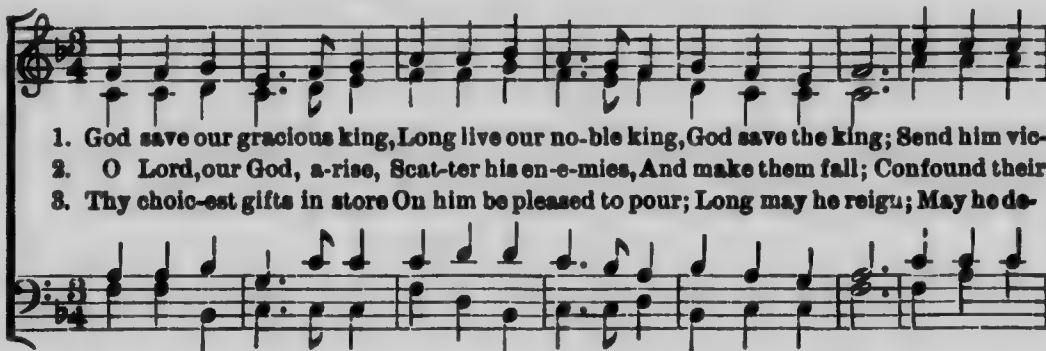
Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear! dear! what can the mat-ter be!



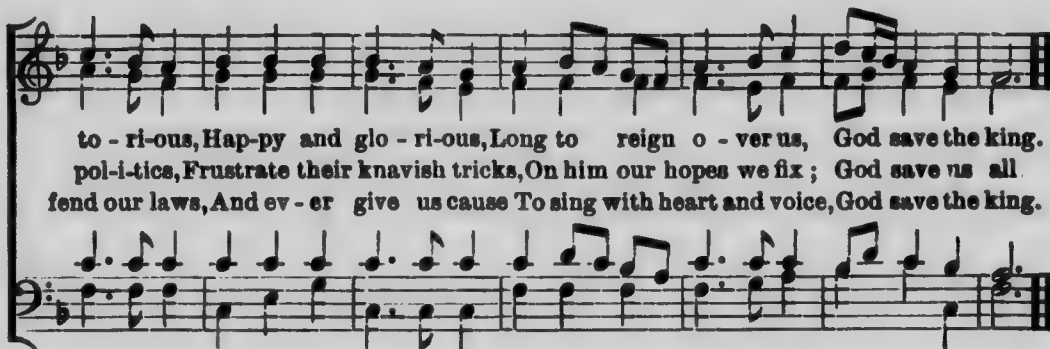
Oh! dear! what can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair.

ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

GOD SAVE THE KING



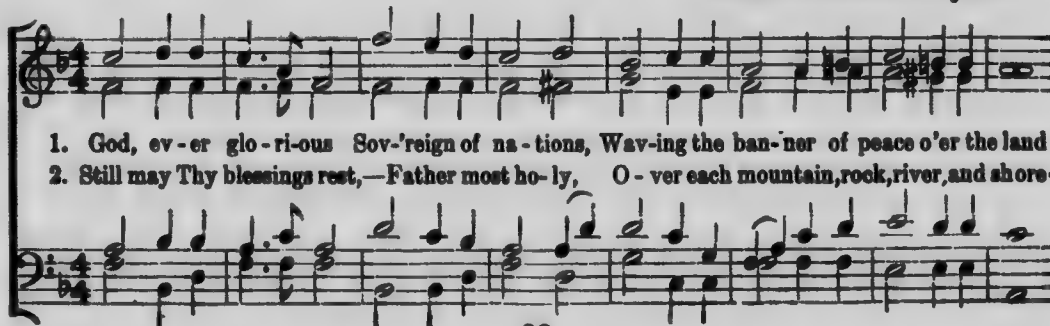
1. God save our gracious king, Long live our no-ble king, God save the king; Send him vic-
2. O Lord, our God, a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall; Confound their
3. Thy choic-est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour; Long may he reign; May he de-



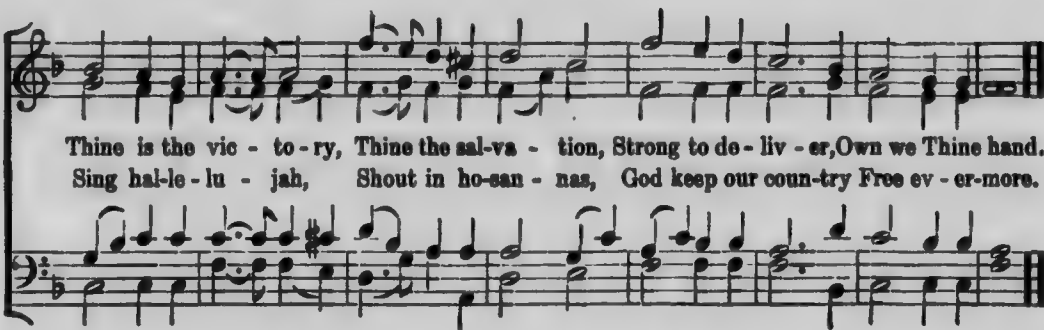
to - ri-ous, Hap-py and glo - ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the king.
pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God save us all.
fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the king.

GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Russian National Hymn

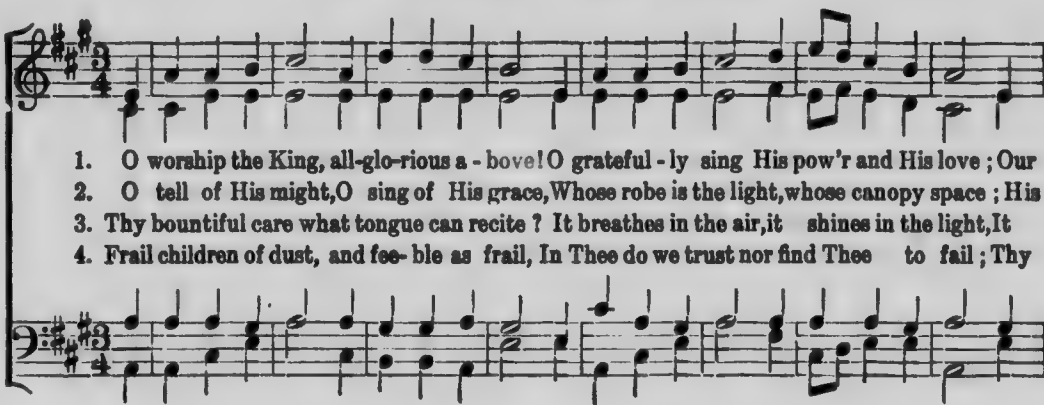


1. God, ev - er glo - ri-ous Sov-'reign of na - tions, Wav-ing the ban-ner of peace o'er the land
2. Still may Thy blessings rest, — Father most ho - ly, O - ver each mountain, rock, river, and shore.

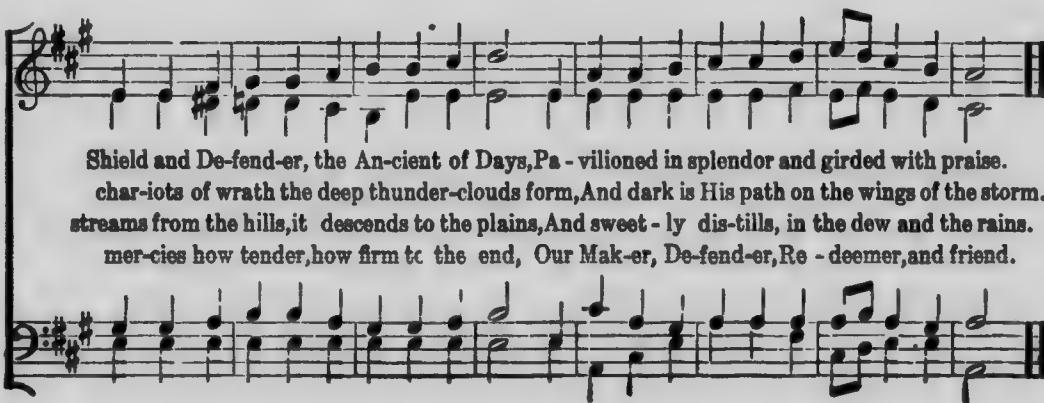


Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thine hand.
Sing hal - le - lu - jah, Shout in ho - san - nas, God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.

O WORSHIP THE KING



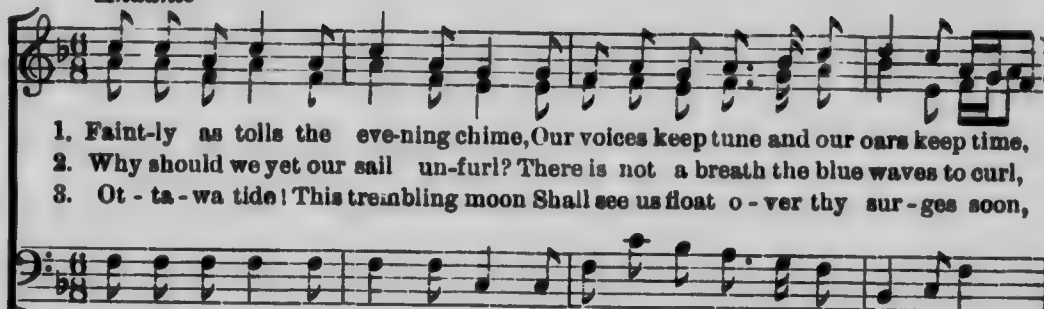
1. O worship the King, all-glo - rious a - bove! O grateful - ly sing His pow'r and His love ; Our
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ; His
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It
4. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust nor find Thee to fail ; Thy



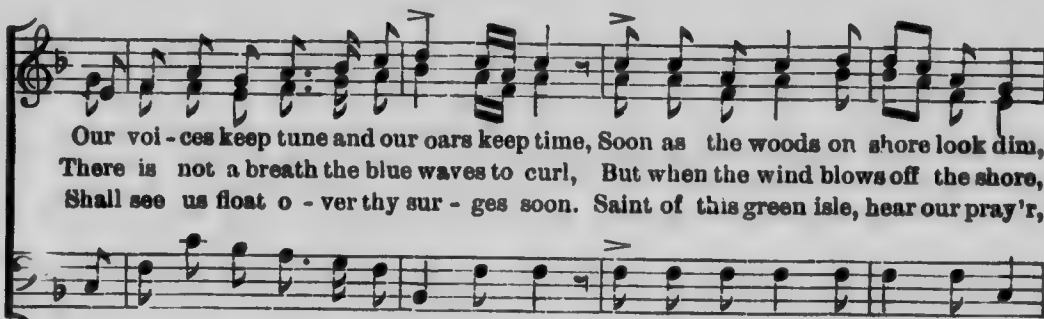
Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
char - iots of wrath the deep thunder - clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
streams from the hills, it descends to the plains, And sweet - ly dis - tills, in the dew and the rains.
mer - cies how tender, how firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and friend.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

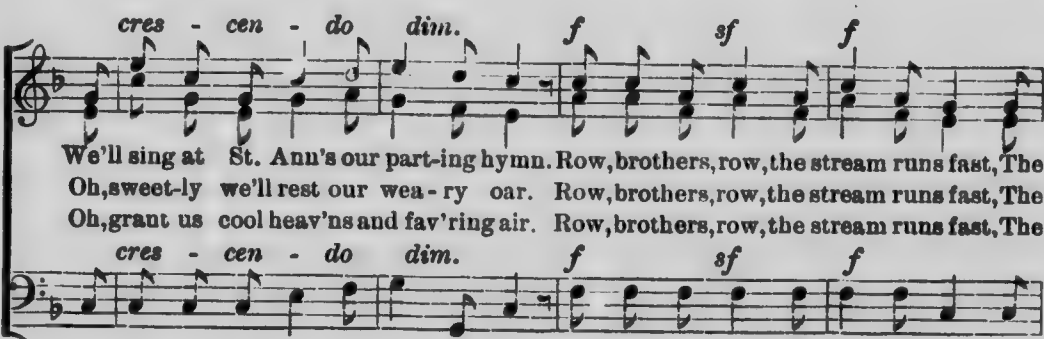
THOMAS MOORE

Andante


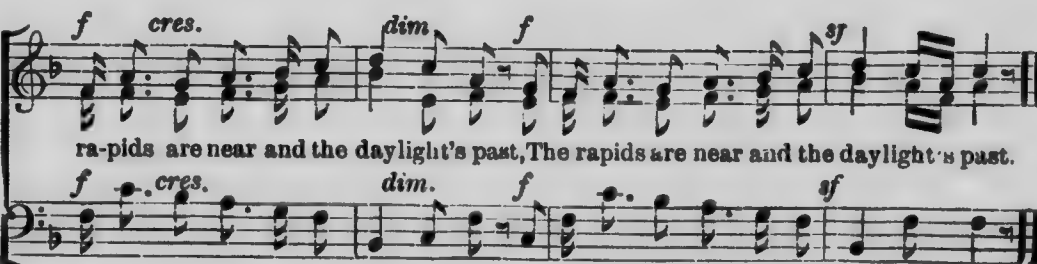
1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
 3. Ot - ta - wa tide! This treanbling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,



Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 There is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,



cres - cen - do dim. f sf f
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 Oh, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
cres - cen - do dim. f sf f



f cres. dim. f sf
 ra-pids are near and the daylight's past, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
f cres. dim. f sf

RULE, BRITANNIA

J. THOMSON

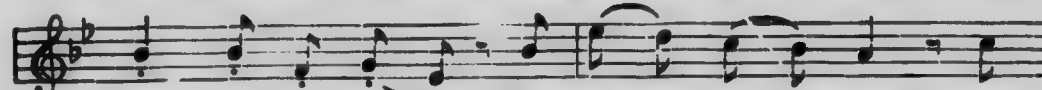
Dr. ARMS



- 1 When Britain first . . at Heav'n's command, A-rose from out the
2. The nations not . . so bless'd as thee Must in their turns to
3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
4. Thee, haughty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their attempts to



az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;
 for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;
 hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,



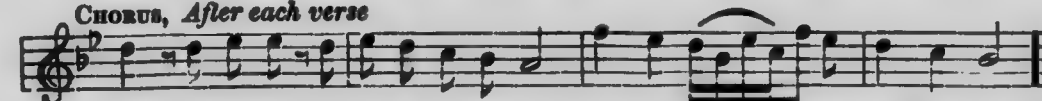
This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land. And
 While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flou - rish, great and free, The
 As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves
 Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And



guar - dian An - gels sung the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 work their woe and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -



tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er shall be slaves.

CHORUS, *After each verse*

Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves; Bri-tons nev - er shall be slaves.

- 5 To thee belongs the rural reign;
 ¶: Thy cities shall with commerce shine ; :||
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore encircle thine Cho.
- 6 The muses still, with freedom crown'd,
 ¶: Shall to thy happy coasts repair ; :||
 Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair. Cho

THE MARSEILLAISE

Arranged by
FRANCOIS GUERIN

Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

The first line may be played as a prelude.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myr-lads bid you rise.
2. Now, now, the dan-gerous storm is roll - ing, Which treacherous kings con-feder-ate raise;
3. With lux-u-ry and pride sur-rounded, The vile in-sa-tiate des-pots dare,

Your chil-dren, wives and grandsires ho-a-ry, Behold their tears and hear their cries,
The dogs of war, let loose are howl-ing, And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze,
Their thirst of gold and power un-bounded, To mete and vend the light and air,

Be-hold their tears and hear their cries;
And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze.
To mete and vend the light and air

Shall hateful ty-rants mis-chief-
And shall we base-ly view the
like beasts of bur-den would they

breeding, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fan-band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
 ruin, While lawless force with guilt-y stride, Spreads des-o - la-tion far and
 load us Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore : But man is man and who is

land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
 wide, With crime and blood his hands embru-ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
 more, Taen shall they longer lash and goad us ? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,

Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheath ! March on ! March on !

sf

All hearts re-solved On vic - to-ry or death. March on! march

sf

f

sf

on! All hearts re-solved On vic - to-ry or death!

sf

4 O Liberty ! can Man resign thee ?

Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine
thee ?

||: Or whips thy noble spirit tame ? :||
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms, etc.

5 May patriot love and friendship glowing

Still be the aim to which we aspire.

May each spirit ever be lighted

||: With the flame they both can inspire. :||

All may be won ; be but united,
Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet ;
No more then Frenchmen will repeat
That dread cry which hath our land
affrighted !

To arms, etc.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

Con spirito

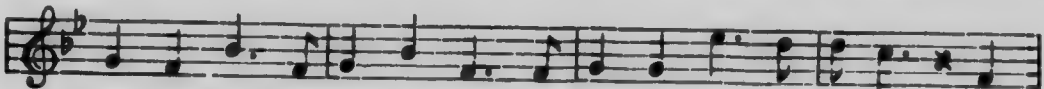
ALEXANDER MUIR



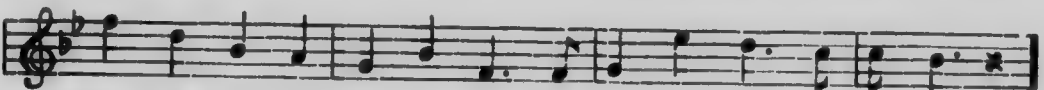
1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
 2. At Queenston Heights, and Lea-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For



plant-ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag, On Ca - na-da's fair do-main ; Here
 free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly died ; And

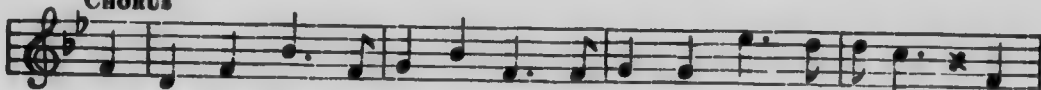


may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The
 those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, Our



This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
 watch-word ev - er more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.

CHORUS



The Ma - ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev-er, God



save our King and Hea - ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev - er.

- 3 Our fair Dominien now extends
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
 May peace for ever be our lot,
 And plenteous store abound,
 And may those ties of love be ours,
 Which discord cannot sever,
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

- 4 On Merry England's far-famed land
 May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
 God bless Old Scotland ever more,
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle ;
 Then swell the song both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forest quiver,
 God save our King and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! When
 flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The

borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy
 boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her

ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.
 flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.

A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,

mf *fz* *fz*

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) grouped by a brace. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. Dynamic markings *mf*, *fz*, and *fz* are placed below the piano accompaniment staves.

May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim ;

fz

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The key signature remains G major. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. A dynamic marking *fz* is placed below the piano accompaniment staves.

May the Ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

fz *fz*

The third system of music concludes the page. The key signature remains G major. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. Dynamic markings *fz* and *fz* are placed below the piano accompaniment staves.

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

mp *fs* *mp* *f*

crea. *fs* *f*

f *fs* *ff*

This musical score is for a piece titled "The Army and Navy for ever!" and "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!". It is written for a single melodic line (likely a voice or flute) and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system features the vocal line with the lyrics "The Army and Na-vy for ev-er !" and "Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *mp* (mezzo-piano), *fs* (fortissimo), *mp*, and *f*. The second system features the vocal line with the lyrics "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *mp*, *fs*, *mp*, and *f*. The third system features the vocal line with the lyrics "The Army and Na-vy for ev-er !" and "Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *crea.* (crescendo), *fs*, *f*, *f*, and *ff*. The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

CHANT NATIONAL

The Honorable Judge ROUTHIER

C. LEAVALLER

Arr. by Dr. T. B. RICHARDSON

Mossoso e risoluto

poco rit.

a tempo

1. O Can-a-da! Our fa-thers' land of old, Thy brow is crown'd with
2. Al-tar and throne command our sa-cred love, And man-kind to us shall

a tempo

p

leaves of red and gold. Be-neath the shade of the Ho-ly cross, Thy
 ev-er broth-ers prove. O King of Kings, with Thy might-y breath All our

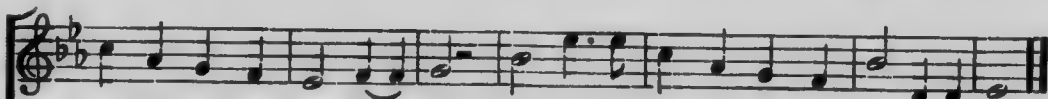
p



chil-dren owe their birth No stains thy glo-rious an-nals gloss Since val-or
sons do thou in-spire. May no cra-ven ter-ror of life or death E'er damp the



shields thy hearth. Al-might-y God, On thee we call, De-fend our
pa-triot's fire. Our might-y call Loud-ly shall ring, As in the



rights, fore-fend this na-tion's thrall, De-fend our rights, fore-fend this na-tion's thrall.
days of old, for Christ and the King! As in the days of old, for Christ and the King.



